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VOLUME 14



14th year anniversary issue

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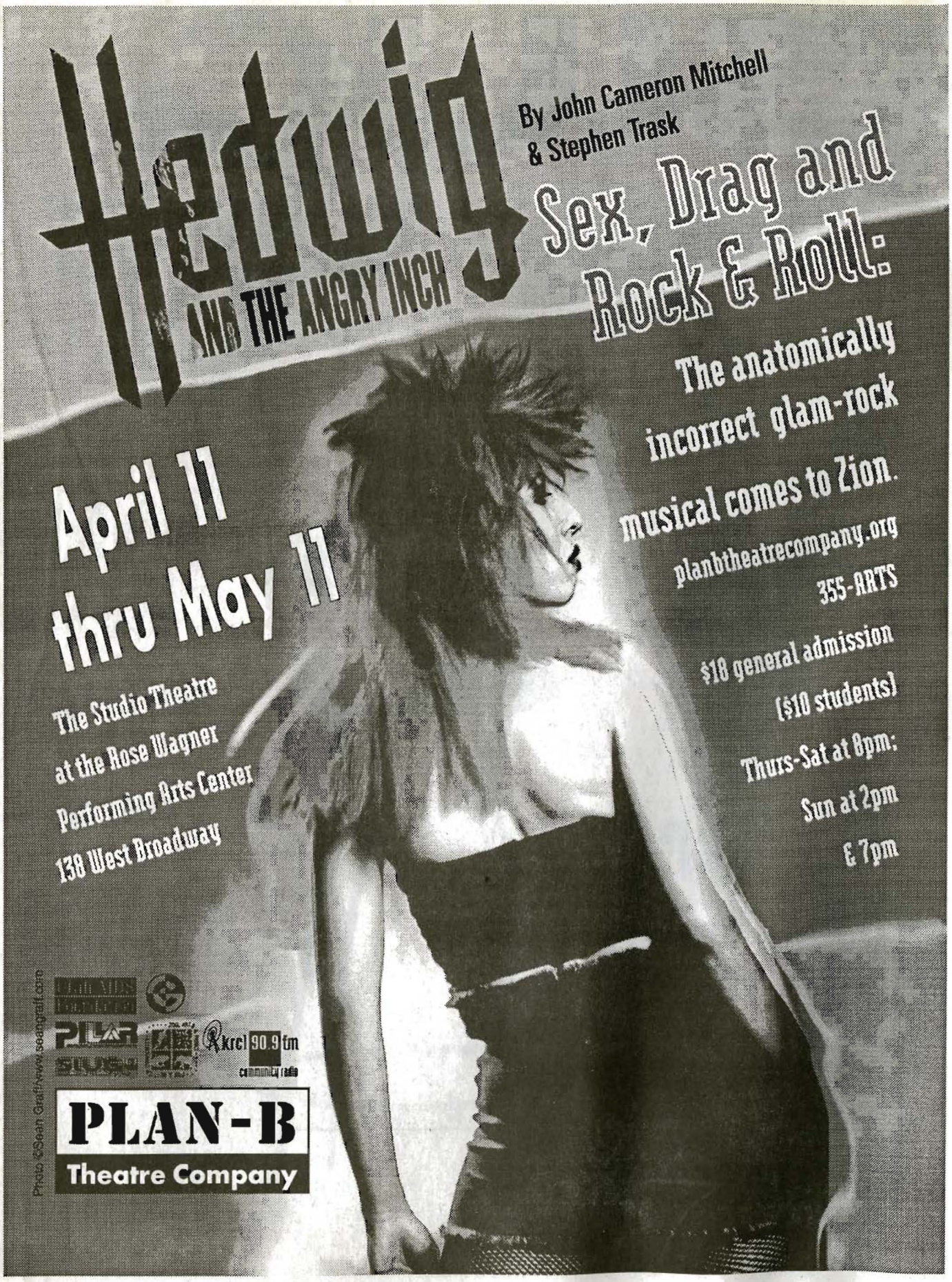
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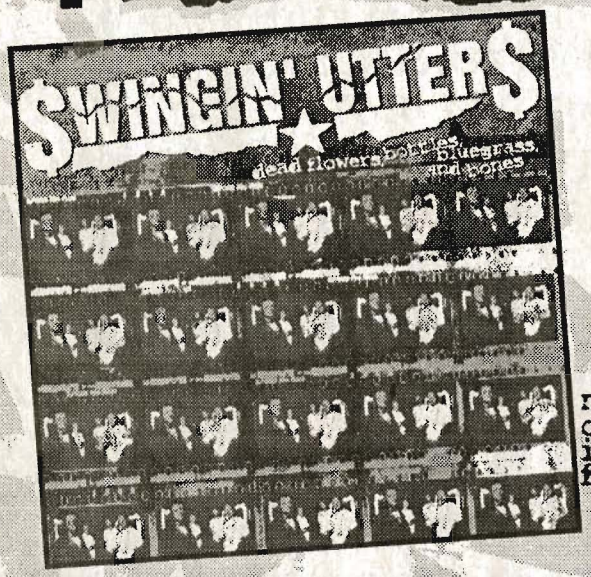
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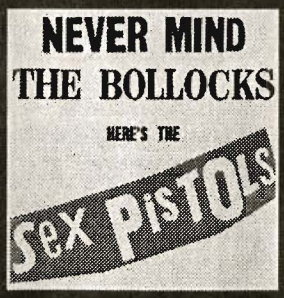
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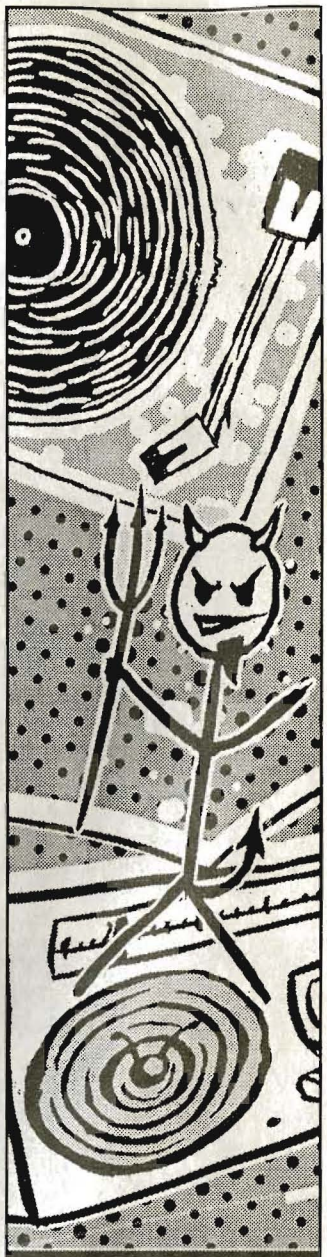
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ED NOTE: Letters from our readers are always printed exactly as we receive them- grammatical errors and all.

Dear SLUG,
Very cool Henry Rollins cover and interview in the January issue!
Yours truly,

–Gutterscumpig

Thank you very much for the kind words. Lucifer knows it's not often that we can please you apathetic ingrates. I'm so happy you approve, it means the world to me and almost makes it all worthwhile. I think I'm going to cry...

Dear Dickheads,
Wow. Why don't you just go ahead and change your name to 'Slippy' for Salt Lake Hippy Magazine. I mean, "War Sucks"? Well, no shit war sucks. What's,next with you brilliant geniuses "Pain Hurts","Suicide Kills","Cats Meow"? I don't know, but every issue is leaning so goddamn far left that I feel like I'm going to tip over when I pick it up. War happens. We all choose to sitidly by and let our benevolent 'leadership' take us to uncharted realms of testosterone driven nationalism, so why bitch about it? Let a few million folks die from radiation poisoning, and then we'll think about reforming our convoluted ways and maybe be a bit more conscientious of our environment and the way we treat one another. Henry "Bad Boys II" Rollins isn't going to change anything. Also, where the fuck is the rock and roll? All I'm seeing lately is shit about emo, death metal, snowboarding, and other shit that doesn't interest me at all. Why aren't you writing about the very alive and very vital, ! dirty rock and fucking roll music that's going on? You may as well write about those self-masturbating Used guys and get the teenyboppers off. I don't want to know about how Sharon Osbourne's retarded offspring arehand-jobbing former Provo boys. Fuck that. Anyway, it's been great bitching for a moment, and I'll see you in Canada when they start the draft...

–Ani

p.s.
Don't bother trying to come up with some 'witty' retort to my letter, I already know I'm better than you, and it will make no difference...

Hey, witchie, how about this one: "You Suck". Or how about: "War Rocks", you dipshit. What SLUG needs is another dozen readers with balls the size of tonsils, just like you. You make my job a cinch. I'll bet that you probably don't vote, and you're also a vegetarian, who wears a leather jacket. And don't mention it, we're glad to provide a forum where you can piss and moan about everything that happens to trouble your tiny mind, and otherwise

goad you to demonstrate publicly what an utter ass you are. Don't be such a hater, I was going to call you later. Keep those cards and letters coming, folks!

Dear Dickwhackers~
Hi. I love your mag and all associated with slug... and yet the blatant absence of any sort of ska coverage has left me questioning. Have I missed the memo that ska is too lame as to be a part of the SLC scene we like to recognize? Do slug editors believe it unworthy coverage? Is there too big an anti-ska movement out there to permit publication? Or What?! I feel readers are being deprived of a great aspect of local music. No one even mentioned the fact the great and mighty Aquabats are coming this month.
If I have completely missed something, please tell me so I can go sit in my closet and cry over my naivete and perhaps remedy my idiocy. If not- and ska is just sadly ignored, please begin some coverage! Everyone is missing out on a lot of good stuff!
Thanx~

–Idiotchild?

That's correct, you bleeding-heart wanker, you missed the memo that ska stanks and nobody gives a fat crap whether it breathes or no. Yep, it was all an immaculate conspiracy to make you appear to have questionable tastes in music. Time to pick up the pieces, pull your head out, dust yourself off and move on; the fad was a failure. If you really feel that ska is being ignored in SLUG, why don't you get off your ass and submit your own reviews for us to publish? That would mean that you might ACTUALLY have get off your ass and do something other than bitch. Could you handle that?

Dear Dickheads,
i think that shit like this should be brought to everyone's attention. please feel free to print, pass along or otherwise use this.

the following is an email stating that if i want a review in the new sf-based music magazine Bay Area Buzz, i'll need to buy it. apparently, payola isn't just for board rooms anymore. i think it is sad that this rediculous shit has infiltrated even the most grass root levels of our industry.

i'm otherwise speachless.

Hey kathleen. did you ever get a chance to check out the deflator
mouse cd? did it make it for review?

–scott

Hi Scott,
I did listen to the CD. Right now we've got a lot of demand and not
enough pages to fulfill this demand. Would you be interested in buying an ad in exchange for the review?
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–Kathleen

–Scott Llamas, Schmooze Director
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Originally printed in SLUG #42 June 1992

EDITORS NOTE:

You know I can deal with the fact that SLUG doesn't make money. I can also deal with the fact that people like Shame X9 think it should be used as toilet paper. But, I am really sick of Salt Lake's general apathy. We have set up SLUG as an open forum for you to voice your oppinions. I guess the Gay community is the only group of people that feel their rights are fucked. Hey don't politics Suck? Aren't liquer laws fucked, or don't you people really give a shit? It is time for you fucks to get off your lazy asses and do something. We want to print your oppinions. We are not writers here— we're just publishers. We have great staff writers and the best fuckin advertisers in the world, who support what we do, but your oppinions are vital. So why don't you sit down sometime and write us a letter. Ah, fuck it... I think I'll just go work for the bridge, at least they give a shit

J. R. Ruppel

SLUG TURNS 14

And continues to embarrass the rest of the city, even though we are old enough to behave.

By Camilla Taylor, General Teacher's Pet Photos by Emily Allen

March 1st is SLUG MAG's 14th Anniversary. Because we love you all so much, we are going to have a party celebrating the completion of our second year as a teenager. The 14th Anniversary Party will take place at Club X-Scape and **Stiletto** (remember their interview last month?), **The Corleones**, **Iodina** and **Anima Nera** will be playing. The unmitigated goodness of this event cannot be conveyed to you in words. So show up and hope that we fuck up just as much at 14 as we did at 13. Although X-Scape is a private club for members only, the show will run just like any other X-Scape show, meaning that you kiddies can come too. Dig?

If I Became Closer Friends with the Corleones, I Would Fear for My Life:
The Illusive Flamingo: Vocals
Pauly Michael Demone: Guitar
Seany Boy of Destiny: Guitar
Dave Depraved: Bass
Dave McCriminal: Drums

The Flamingo felt uncomfortable with an interview written in text form. He thought that an interview, or at least the one which was underway, was more about hanging out and the things which happened–that what they said was not nearly as significant. The other members concurred.

"The one thing that I don't want us to talk about ever–EVER–is the music," declared the Flamingo. He leans over to the person holding the bottle and reminds them, "I still haven't taken my shot yet. Don't forget that this is Sunday and that liquid is precious." The Flamingo was very concerned with the distribution of cheap rum.

"I'm rather relieved that this is a Super Bowl Party, but none of you are watching the Super Bowl," I say.

Both Daves voiced their disbelief that someone could possibly imagine them having a Super Bowl Party. The Flamingo giggled in a mildly disturbing manner and admitted to the subterfuge.

"Why do you all use pseudonyms?" I naïvely inquire.

"Because we all support crime in a heavy way," responds the Flamingo. "It doesn't much help us in our legal troubles. I'm going to jail in a few days. I don't know if I'll be out by the show, but we have a guest singer just in case the law still has me in custody. **Senator Giles**, of the **Chronies**, will be standing in for me if I am unable to make it. We used to play house parties with the Chronies and the **Fucktards**. I broke my finger that way."

"Why do you have a pseudonym?" I ask Dave McCriminal.

"Dave lives up to his McCriminal name," he says.

"Hey, it isn't as though Dave stole the jukebox from the Blue Plate. He never had anything to do with that," the other Dave, the depraved one, comments.

I attempt to get them to talk about their influences. This is a failure. They remind me that they will not talk about their music. But they do inform me that they are recording soon and the last album, *Soundtrack to a Suicide*, is being re-pressed, although they are all out of copies now. This is not surprising, I find, after I see one of the few remaining CDs. The cover is screen-printed and the little envelope is full of strange and mysterious things. Their sound has evolved over their lifespan, in addition to which they no longer claim to be a punk-rock band. A strange little elongated black thing with fur and legs walks through the room. Dave D. claims it is his and that its name is Brutus.



1 of the Corleones

"The legal troubles which we have been having has kind of slowed us down a bit," says Paul.

"Legal troubles? Like what?"

"Me going to jail is kind of a speed bump." Evidently, the Flamingo fell asleep at a stop while out driving. An officer attempted to rouse the Flamingo, who is infamous for his distaste of being awakened. He made known his distaste by knocking the cop out. Supporting crime doesn't always work to their benefit.

You have to see these people to understand their complexities. Mostly, I am referring to the Flamingo. He told us stories about filming his roommate masturbating (and showed us the footage), how he was maced and knocked backwards down the stairs, how the president wrote him a letter in which he wishes there were more citizens like him, and more. He showed us a film he had made called "Hepatitis: What is it?" And they spoke very little about their music.

"The straight-edgers used to hate us. They'd threaten us, call us before our shows and tell us that they were going to come and off us. Things are different now. People don't threaten like they used to." the Flamingo spoke with regret.

Iodina only has first names.
Jake: Guitar
Tyler: Sings
Travis: Sings
Gavin: Drums
Damon: Guitar
Shawn: Bass

I interviewed Iodina in the practice space which they share with **Anima Nera**. They have built themselves something of a reputation. I have never seen them perform, and yet I have heard of the shows that they put on. At the Anniversary Party, I will be standing in the back of the room.

SLUG: So, I have all of half an hour in which to do this in before I need to speak to **Anima Nera.**
Jake: Fuck those guys. I'll make them wait.
SLUG: How long have you guys been together?
Jake: This time, or the other time? It's been five years, Gavin.
Gavin: No, it has not.
Tyler: I'd say two and a half.
(They bicker about the amount of songs they still have in common with other incarnations of Iodina for some time, and how long they have legitimately been together before they come up with a final verdict.)
Jake: Five years.
Gavin: It's been a five-year project. We got our shit together real good.
Travis: How many members have we had? Twelve? Thirteen?
SLUG: Are you going to puke onstage?
Everyone: No. That's Hooper.
Tyler: Only Hooper, and Hooper's gone. I do not induce vomiting onstage.
Jake: We'll make Travis do it.
Gavin: Travis will. He does it sometimes.
Jake: I did speak with Hooper recently. He says that he misses Salt Lake and that he made a big mistake by leaving.
SLUG: So, what are your songs about?
Tyler: Pretty much now, with the vocal lineup, it is the two main singers singing together. Travis took over after I was voted out of the band, so now there's a lot more structure. Iodina songs are just...what?...balls to the wall goodness.
Damon: What the fuck does that mean?
Tyler: I don't know, it just felt good saying.
Jake: It's like an electric version of West Coast gangster rap.
SLUG: Fuck easy classification.
Travis: They have no idea what the songs are about.
Tyler: No we don't. Since we got back together, we've been trying to reform and regroup.
Gavin: Hooper used to improv the songs.
Tyler: We're trying to instill more of a basic structure and meaning. It used to pretty much just be improv. There was really no form or structure.
Damon: I remember that one time when we recorded and we were scrambling to get lyrics



Iodina

down.
SLUG: How do you feel about playing with Stiletto?
Jake: Rad, except that I'm a little bummed. I wanted to dress in drag. I wanted to be the transvestite in the band. I wanted to wear six-inch stilettos and tight leather and rock guitar, and they still won't let me.
Tyler: Weren't we called the scariest band in SLC?
Damon: That's because Hooper was throwing up on everybody.
Tyler: No, that was because of fucking **Sabbathon** and we had 15 people singing with us. We're just a fun band. I mean, come to our show and expect to have a good time. And wear sensible shoes.
SLUG: How many injuries have you retained from playing?
Jake: I've chipped my tooth.
Gavin: I actually had more injuries from **Never Never**, 'cause Pat used to punch me out at every show.
Tyler: I've taken several. I've punched myself in the face several times.
Jake: We've inflicted much more injuries than we have received. I got impaled once with a drumstick.
Gavin: I've broken a finger. But that's all, really.
SLUG: And what has been inflicted on the crowd? (This question is followed by a long list, including a broken arm, a broken pinkie, lost teeth, a dislocated kneecap, as well as people being used as projectiles. They are shocked that they are still able to play at Burt's.)
Jake: How the fuck does **Hammergun** get banned from Burt's and we don't? *(Do I detect some jealousy?)*
Tyler: Iodina is like the Iron Chef of music.
Jake: How the fuck are we like the Iron Chef?
Tyler: Have you ever watched the Iron Chef? It's some straight-up extreme cooking.

Anima Nera is serious:

Chuck Barrett: Bass
Daniel Bott: vocals
Jake: Guitar
Kell Prime: Drums
Drew: Guitar

Shortly after speaking with Iodina, the members of Anima Nera shuffled into the room. Along with them was our fabulous SLUG Queen. Don't forget that she not only hangs out in dirty smoke-filled practice spaces, she will also be at the Anniversary Party. Anima Nera, like their music, are straight-up business. They don't joke around.

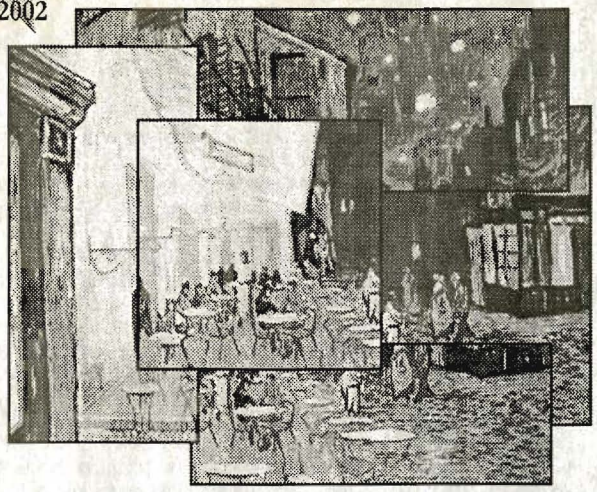
SLUG: Where did the name come from?
Jake: Chuck can explain it better. We actually came up with it before he was in the band.
Chuck: Jake used to work next door to me, and he came over once and we were looking up weird phrases on Italian search engines because Jake's Italian. And "Anima Nera" popped up. It translates over into meaning "broken or black spirit." It just sounded like a good name and we decided to keep it, even though I wasn't in the band at the time.
SLUG: Are you recording anything right now?
Jake: We're recording in March. We have a record that we're sitting on right now.
Chuck: But the record that was recorded before was with two other members, Jason and Tony, who Drew and myself replaced. One song out of the eight from that album we decided to keep. All of Anima Nera's songs are new and most haven't been heard yet.
SLUG: So it was said about the anniversary party lineup, that all of the bands are really fun to watch. That they put on a good show.
Kell: That's the first time I've heard that.
Jake: I'd say that our show is an emotional show. That it's really true to emotions. We don't get up there and fuck around.
Chuck: There's not much talking between songs. We just go up there and let the music speak for itself.
SLUG: How would you describe your music?
Jake: We're probably one of the heaviest bands out of Salt Lake right now. Just as far as sheer heaviness. We are a metal band, I guess. Right?
Daniel: It's post-apocalyptic southern-ass rock, is what it is.
Chuck: Let Dan talk about the lyrics. To be honest with you, no one in the band knows what the lyrics are. Jake kind of infiltrates Dan's lyric stash, but the rest of the band has no idea what he's saying.
Dan: I don't know, they're mostly just about personal stuff.
Jake: They're really good. Dan writes really good lyrics. And they are all really personal, but not in a cheesy way. It's not about killing people or eating babies or anything like that. We're not an evil band.
Chuck: We're not about the **Lord Sauron**. We're not about the **Walls of ISengaard**
Jake: Dude, don't do that. I'm serious.
Chuck: Metal bands do that, though. Metal bands sing about the Lord of the Rings. There's nothing mythological happening with us. That I know.
Jake: We haven't played a show for awhile.
Drew: The SLUG show is going to be the first show since September and the first show with this lineup. I think that this lineup is going to be way more solid.

Anima Nera



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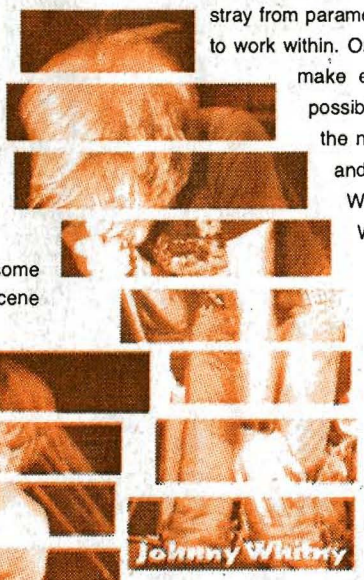
The Blood Brothers

Where's All That Blood Coming From? (An interview with The Blood Brothers)

By Uncle Shame
Photos: Colby Crossland

If you've never heard of the Blood Bros., let's just say that there's no just way to describe their noxious experimentation other than to state emphatically that: Posers hate them. Hailing from the land that gave the underground a nudge by spawning grunge, these kooks out of Seattle are redefining "screamo" by getting back to the core of things and placing emphasis on the scream. They pummel all the senses, including the sense of well-being, with ferocious guitar riffage, fucked-up time signatures and blistering 'dueling-vocal' zaniness, giving a nod to original hardcore fundamentals by providing insistent socio-political insight and cultural commentary without compromise. It's music with a message.

When the Blood Bros. took the stage, it was complete, absolute and utter culture shock for some of the poor emo kids who came expecting to have their fears of the outside world consoled and their fragile egos stroked. By the end of their first song a very few random pansies began booing and shouting such misguided epithets as: "Why don't you play some real music?" etc. Needless to say, these types are into the scene for the chicks and wouldn't know real music if they were up to their asses in it, which they were. The band was unfazed and responded by cranking the angst to eleven and returning the middle finger salute throughout an entire song (and they seemed like such nice, unassuming boys during the interview!). It was much to the naysayers' chagrin when the singer of Taking Back Sunday chastised their booing, their latent idiocy and blatant lack of respect for diversity and self.





Three of five of the Bloods sat down with The SLUG Queen and me for a chat in the green room before this debacle unfolded:
Jordan Blilie/vox;
Morgan Henderson/bass;
Mark Gajadhar/drums.
[Johnny Whitney/vox and Cody Votolato/guitar were missing-in-action]

SLUG: How would you guys describe the music of the Blood Brothers?
Jordan: Go ahead, Morgan, describe it.
Morgan: Um, I'm going to say ... what would you say, Jordan?
Jordan: Chaotic yet angular? I don't know.
Morgan: Angular? It's just five different influences going into one genre and coming out crazy.
SLUG QUEEN: Do you guys consider yourselves "post-hardcore" or the "new generation" of punk rock?
Morgan: I kinda feel like that's something that other people can figure out. For us to think of ourselves as being in a post– or pre– or new

SLUG: You shouldn't leave it up to the journalists!
Morgan: Well, they decide anyway. It depends on which era of hardcore we're talking about. There's been so many revolutions nowadays.
Jordan: When I think of post-hardcore I think of bands like Quicksand. I think I would identify us more with a punk band than a hardcore band. But we take from so many different influences that it's really hard for me to say.

SLUG: Your last record, March On! Electric Children!, was a "concept" album. Is there a concept on this new record, *Burn, Piano Island*, Burn! ?
Jordan: Both Johnny and I try to work with as much imagery as we can to try to express our ideas in the most creative way. We sort of stray from parameters that normal punk or hardcore lyrics tend to work within. On the new record what we wanted to do was make each song as unique to itself as humanly possible, whereas on March On! we set out to have the nine songs that we'd written sort of intertwine and touch on the same themes and story line. We were essentially trying to write a short story. With the new one, it was completely 180 degrees opposite from that approach.

SLUG: Jordan said in an interview I read on one of the links to your website www.thebloodbrothers.com, that if Blink-182 is punk rock, then you don't know what punk is anymore.
Mark: You said that? [laugh]
Morgan: I don't remember saying that.
Jordan: It could've been me.

SLUG: I should say that you were "cited" as saying that.
Jordan: Someone was asking me about what I thought punk was, or what I thought of the state of punk rock right now. It was less of a jab at Blink-182 in particular ... I just think that the whole genre has become so diluted, so commodified to the point where I can't even really identify what punk rock in the year 2003 is. I've heard bands like Blink described as a `punk' band but they're the farthest thing from what I'd always considered as punk.

SLUG: You guys said that it was due more to dumb luck than anything else that led to the opportunity to work with a rather big-shot producer this time around. What advice would you give to bands who are just starting out or looking to move up in the world?
Morgan: Be playing music to be playing music, not to become famous or something.
Jordan: I would just say never set out to be the biggest band in the world.

Catch the Blood Brothers on tour this spring in Japan with System of a Down or this summer on the Ozzfest. Don't hate the players– hate the game!

ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE

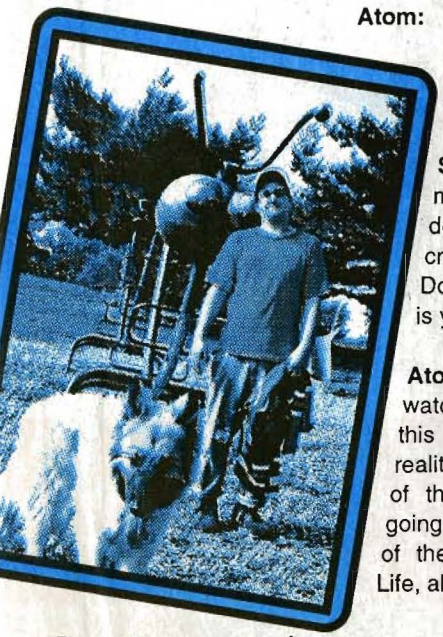
Atom and (Nothing Even Remotely Related to) His Package
By Carly Fullmer

Tired of the same old whiny songs about girls and the same old punk songs about politics, Atom decided to declare war on the aforementioned sounds of the underground and start playing with his package (a cleverly named group of synthesizers and sequencers). Since his first album in 1997, Atom has been redefining music with his simple observations transformed into witty lyrical and sonic masterpieces. He writes about everything: fat hockey players, Scotch tape stuck to television screens, the owner of the Washington Redskins, stereotypical punks, the metric system–then animates his words with nasally vocals, 80s techno beats and brilliant keyboard riffs reminiscent of that Casio you had when you were 11.

Atom's new album, *Attention! Blah Blah Blah* (Hopeless Records), will be out Feb. 11, 2003, and if Atom's statement is true, that "every album gets better and better," then this one is pretty damn good. "I record everything myself, so as time goes on, I get better at the process. I'd like to think that songs can stand on their own as songs now, they're not just things that people say, 'Oh, that's funny' about." But enough about the music, let's talk about something else.

"HI, I'M ATOM. I LIKE TO RIDE MY BIKE. IN MY SPARE TIME, I LIKE TO SIT IN MY ROOM AND NOT TALK TO PEOPLE."

SLUG: How do you feel about velour sweat suits?



Atom: Well, I've never owned one, but I would imagine that they'd be extremely comfortable.

SLUG: This is a multi-part question. What do you think of the recent craze of reality TV shows? Do you watch any? Which is your favorite?

Atom: I'm not a big watcher of the reality, but this guy I live with is like, a reality addict. He watches all of them and knows what's going on on every single one of them. Survivor, Fraternity Life, all of them. But I will admit that I really like Blind Date, as long as I'm watching it to make fun of it. It's the only funny one because of those little pop-up cartoons that just make fun of the two people, just rip on them. It's great.

SLUG: You know how all the contestants on that show have to make a little profile of themselves, like, "Hi, I'm Shalonda, I'm 24 and I work in retail. I like Italian food and guys who tell me what to do." What would your profile say if you were on Blind Date?

Atom: Mine would probably say something stupid like, "Hi, I'm Atom. I like to ride my bike. In my spare time, I like to sit in my room and not talk to people."

SLUG: If you were to write a letter to President Bush, what would it say?

Atom: Oh now we're getting all serious? Well, a letter to President Bush...

SLUG: Assuming it would make any difference, that is.

Atom: Well, truthfully, it would probably end up being really long. Pages and pages. I'd try to get him to comprehend that a lot of people's lives are in his hands and I'd ask him if he really wants all the responsibility that he has. I'd tell him that he can change the world with all the power he has. Ultimately, I'd probably ask him to step down.

SLUG: If you were trapped on a deserted island with P. Diddy (the artist formerly known as Puff Daddy), what would you do all day?

Atom: Well, I don't know, I guess we'd just chill. It would be pretty boring, I guess.

SLUG: You wouldn't like, learn how to fish or climb coconut trees? Or chase him around and try to eat him if you got really hungry and there was no food?

Atom: No way! He would probably eat me first. Have you seen me? And have you seen him? He would get to me first. In the end, I guess I'd probably end up being friends with him. Yeah, he's someone I could be friends with. There are probably very few people that I wouldn't be friends with in that situation. Actually, maybe a few people from my high school. If I were on the island with



them, I'd probably go on the other side and just not talk to them. Or maybe I'd eat them.

SLUG: OK, if it were legal and socially acceptable to videotape any single person 24 hours a day for a week, whom would you tape?

Atom: Would I have to watch it all?

SLUG: No, you could watch highlights or all of it.

Atom: Well, probably the president. I would just like to see what he really does all day. Or if he just has people do it for him. I'd like to see everything that he sees and hear everything that he hears. Is that boring?

SLUG: No, that's a really good one. OK, one last question. If you could snorkel through the canals in Venice, would you pop up and scare the people in the gondolas?

Atom: No! I'd get the hell out of there, have you ever been there and smelled that water? It's disgusting. I'll leave that to the Jackasses of the world.

Don't miss Atom and His Package play Kilby Court
Wednesday, March 19, at 7 p.m!
www.atomandhispackage.com
www.hopelessrecords.com

TWO LUCKY WINNERS of SLUG MAG & HOPELESS RECORDS' FEBRUARY CONTEST will attend THE ATOM AND HIS PACKAGE SHOW FOR FREE and win tons of cool stuff from Hopeless!

To enter, go to slugmag.com and create an individual profile for yourself in SLUG's new personals section. The SLUG staff will then pick their two favorite entries to go on a date together see the Atom show! A SLUG writer will meet up with the lucky pair to cover the date in our April 5 issue! Don't pass up this chance to win kick-ass stuff, a free date and the chance to meet someone cool!

www.slugmag.com/personals
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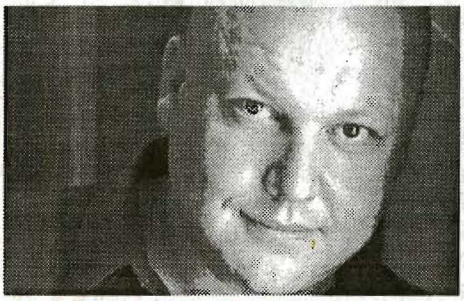


Photo: Dan Corder

INDIE LABEL

You Spin Me Round: SpinART Records
Indie Label by Stakerized!

There are some labels with more releases, but since 1993, no independent record label has consistently come up with more outstanding efforts by important voices on the scene today. It's simply impossible to keep up with the indie music scene without following the output of SpinART Records. From early releases by the **Fastbacks** and the **Poster Children** to a 2001 brilliant return to form by **Echo and the Bunnymen** to a five-disc **Camper Van Beethoven** retrospective to **Pixies** re-releases and two-track epics from **Frank Black**, as well as the debut by **Eyes Adrift**, with **Krist Novoselic** of **Nirvana**, **Curt Kirkwood** of the **Meat Puppets** and **Bud Gough** of **Sublime**, SpinArt has been at the center of the "now" sound. Things are really spinning at SpinArt lately,



SpinART label artist, Frank Black

co-founder **Joel Morowitz** managing to somehow find time to talk as he's making hectic preparations for the **Apples in Stereo** appearance on Carson Daly to air Feb. 5.

SLUG: How & why did you start SpinART? Why the name?

JM: To make a long story short...I had always wanted to start my own label since I was a DJ at my college radio station. After working for a few large labels, I really felt that I could do it on my own. I took some money that I had saved, and along with Jeff (my partner and friend from high school) we decided to start SpinART. The name comes from the carnival/fair booths concession where you drip paint on a piece of cardboard. The cardboard spins and the centrifugal force sends the paint outwards on the cardboard ... they sometimes call it "spin art."

SLUG: What has been the most difficult thing about running an indie label like SpinART?

JM: I would say the hardest thing about running the label is maintaining the delicate balance between art and commerce. So many decisions are dictated by the financial realities of this business, which can be very frustrating when you are creating something artistic. You always have to keep an eye on your bottom line ... it's very antithetical to the process of making records.

SLUG: How do you get bands for the label? Is there anything like a SpinART sound? What kind of bands do you look for?

JM: Bands come to the label in a variety of ways ... we get tons of demos and solicitations, but it's mostly through hearing/seeing/reading about them that we will become interested in a particular band. A lot of times, bands that we already work with will tell us about bands that they like ... there's a general "web" of people out there: other bands, writers, booking agents, club owners, etc., who will send us material. We listen to every demo, because you never know when you'll hear something great. I don't think that there is a specific sound that you can tag to the label, but I think the common link between them is a good love of melody and song structure. I think we are all suckers for a good pop hook. The most important facet that I look for in a band is a good work ethic and a seriousness about what they do. It doesn't matter how good they are as a musical unit, if they're not serious about their career, it's not worth the effort

SLUG: What is the most successful band on the label, sales or popularity-wise? Frank Black? What does it mean to the label having someone like Frank Black on the label?

JM: In no particular order, **The Apples**, Frank Black and **Clem Snide** all do quite well. We've also been lucky enough to release records by some of our all-time favorite artists like Echo & The Bunnymen, The Pixies, **Vic Chesnutt** and **Jason Falkner** ... it's been really an honor to be able to work with artists of their stature. Having Frank on the label is really a dream come true. As far as I am concerned, he is one of the most important musical figures of the last 20 years. Not only is he a legend, but he is also one of the nicest and most down-to-earth [people] you could ever hope to meet.

SLUG: What exciting happenings do you have planned for the label? Upcoming signings/new releases? What are your goals for the label in the near future?

JM: We have a lot of really exciting things planned for 2003 ... new records by Clem Snide, **The Minders**, **Ian McCulloch**, Frank Black, **M.C. Honky**, **Kaito** ... and maybe a few surprises! Our future goals are really quite simple: to grow the label at a manageable rate and to release records that we love. It's an enormous amount of work, but we all really love it.

David Thomas named **Pere Ubu,** the seminal art-punk band he founded some 27 years ago, after a French Dadaist play. The band's latest album, *St. Arkansas,* came out on SpinART last year, and his solo work ranges from theatrical presentations to lectures on topics like "The Geography of Sound in the Magnetic Age." He brings the band's unique chaos to the Zephyr Club March 1.

SLUG: What elements of spirituality and art influence your music & lyrics?

DT: Pere Ubu is a rock band. We're not in the business of spirituality. And I guess you're asking whether there are "art influences," as in coming from other forms like writing or sculpture or theater, etc. There aren't any. We are a rock band. We have no need of your stinkin' art, gringo. Pere Ubu arrived on the scene at a pivotal point in the early 70s as concrete sound and analog synthesizer-generated abstract sound were being integrated into rock music [and] given a specific narrative role, and Pere Ubu had a hand in that process. From that point in time, we have continued to explore the possibilities of narrative technique suggested by those developments. We pursue rock's manifest destiny. Rock music is the cultural voice of the American experience, along with jazz and blues, and whether or not that is art is irrelevant. It speaks with the voices in your blood. In that context, who cares about art?

SLUG: In particular, how has your use of narrative in your lyrics evolved? How are the stories you tell in your songs different now? How has it evolved?

DT: I have no idea. We have always tried to do new things, find new solutions to the same old problems that every creative human being has dealt with for thousands of years. How's that for pretentious? I explore different configurations and design my work to take advantage of what is possible. So I work simultaneously in a rock band, in an improvisational trio, in West End straight theater, in a large cast improvisational opera company, in a Simon & Garfunkel-type duo, in a one-man show and as a lecturer. Honey, I do it all. Why? To get somewhere worth getting to. The stories I tell are all about the same thing and that thing is you.



SpinART label artist, David Thomas (Pere Ubu)

SLUG: How is the band different now from when it started? Even with some of the original people, how is it different working with them now?

DT: Everybody's 27 years older. We have all been tested and we have not been found wanting. We are free. You can depend on us. I assume you are asking about how it is working with Tom (Herman)? Exactly the same. I think he's a pain in the butt. He thinks I'm a pain in the butt. I really like working with him. It works out well.

SLUG: What have you learning from fronting a band with such critical acclaim over the years?

DT: Critical acclaim and $2.50 gets you a cup of coffee. Most writers are not as good at their jobs as we are at ours. So critical acclaim has to be taken with a skeptical POV. If an idiot thinks you're great, what does that say about you?

SLUG: How pleased are you with St. Arkansas compared to previous releases?

DT: I love them all. I hate them all. They are all our children. I like *STARK.* It is a cool idea and it sounds exactly the way I thought it would sound. That might be a good thing or a bad thing. Time will tell. Time will always reveal. That's why we hang around decade after decade. We get smarter.

SLUG: What kind of show can we expect when you come to SLC March 1?

GET WET

Club Splash

Every Night:
Dollar wings and drafts until 10pm
No cover until 9pm

Tuesdays:
Club Neptune
gay alternative night &
SLC's premier dragshow
with Walter! and the
Boys to Women cast
9:00pm

Wednesday:
Singles night
w/ Little Devils contests
and giveaways. Sexdrive
games and prizes.
$5 after 9pm

Thursday:
80¢ cover,
80¢ appetizers and
80¢ drafts until 10pm
KJQ 103.1 Giveaways

Friday:
Fahrenhite
European House Music
w/ international DJ
Andrew Innes and local
phenom DJ CBR
$5 after 9pm

Saturday:
DJ MYZE spinning a
high-energy mix from
the past and present

SLUG Queen

Photo: Azul Studio
Make Up: Theresa Shaw

February 8th
Marine Products and the boat show invade Club Splash and bring a sizzling party for all outdoor lovers to enjoy.

February 12th
Bachelorette Ball

February 13th
SLUG Queen's
B-day Party

February 14th
Angels & Devils theme
party w/ DJ Valerie
hosted by
Sektor 7 Cartel

February 21st
Little Devils model
search semi-finals

February 28th
Little Devils' model search
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Hard Music For A Hard World



METAL BLADE: The band **Amon Amarth** infuse a heavy classic-metal approach into the swirling, single-note guitar harmonies common among the Scandinavian metal sect. Four full-length albums now from this band, and I'm still surprised at how melodic they are. The Viking-inspired cover art used for *Versus The World* is along the same lines as their last two releases–(To get an idea, think of the ugly offspring if a Molly Hatchet and a Manowar album cover mated). These guys aren't doing anything that hasn't already done before, hell, they're not doing anything THEY haven't done before, but Amon Amarth always produce some relatively good and solid metal. I'll give this band one thing ... they are consistent.

SENSORY: The group **Cynic** put out something like four demos from 1988–1991. Finally, in 1993, the band released the cult-status-attaining *Focus*, propelling the four members of the band to near godlike status within death-metal circles (Paul Masvidal–guitar/vocals, Jason Gobel–guitar, Sean Reinert–drums/keyboards and Sean Malone–bass/chapman stick). Ten years later and I defy you to have a conversation about the South Florida death-metal scene of the 90s without mentioning the band Cynic. Oh, by the way, if you are in fact bringing up the South Florida death metal scene or any other like subject in your conversations, then you're automatically a friend of mine. Anyway, what happened to Cynic after the release of *Focus*? In keeping with the "quit while you're ahead" philosophy, the band broke up in 1994. I could begin to tell you what the guys from Cynic have been doing since the breakup, but I'll focus on Sean Malone instead, since his latest project ties all four together.



Besides currently releasing the second album with his band **Gordian Knot** (*Emergent*), Sean has spent his time wisely since '94 writing two books released through the Hal Leonard Corporation (*Dictionary Of Bass Grooves* and *A Portrait Of Jaco: The Solos Collection*). Sean has also acquired a B.A. in music composition and a master's degree in music theory. Sean is a music theory/aural skills Graduate Teaching Fellow at the University of Oregon while he works on his Ph.D. in music theory–don't you hate how some people make you feel like such a LOSER. Damn overachievers! The only solace I can derive is by imagining the reason there's no band photo in the latest Gordian Knot: probably because the other guys refused the academic theme that Sean was pushing and wouldn't be photographed smoking pipes and wearing matching tweed jackets with leather elbow pads. Band photo or not, *Emergent* from the latest incarnation of Gordian Knot is something to behold and experience. The core of Gordian Knot is made up of Sean (bass, keyboards, guitar, ebow, echoplex, chapman stick and a small vocal part during track eight ... six instruments ... oops, there he goes again), Jason Gobel (guitar) and **Yes/King Crimson** drummer-percussionist Bill Bruford. Guest musicians include Steve Hackett on guitar (**Genesis**), Jim Matheos on acoustic and electric guitar (**Fates Warning**) and rounding out the "Cynic 4"



are Paul Masvidal on guitar and Sean Reinert on drums. *Emergent* is an instrumental album which fuses a wide variety of styles, instruments and players. The design and very construction of this album will challenge the listener and drive mad anyone that attempts to categorize this music–so don't bother. Parts of Emergent come across with a sound that's reminiscent of Al Dimeola's freewheeling jazz stylings, while other parts are steeped in heavy, avant-garde 70s progressive rock. Some parts of this release are very aggressive, laden with soaring guitar solos, while other areas feature a single instrument. The best way to listen to this release is by utilizing one of the coolest features of this CD package–the booklet. Each song is listed with all of the performers from a particular track. All of the solo breaks are listed with performer and the time their respective solo takes place during the track. By following along with the booklet, you get a real sense for what's going on within the music. An amazing Scott Burns production provides an all-access pass to both the expansiveness and subtleties of the musical soundscape.

CENTURY MEDIA : I really liked **Merauder's** '95 release *Master Killer*. It had a relatively fresh sound in the flourishing metalcore scene. I was pretty much into the metalcore thing back then. I've never liked Biohazard, but considered myself a pretty big Pro-Pain fan back in the mid '90s. Today, I still don't like Biohazard, Pro-Pain is losing me and the "nü-metal" scourge that can't be escaped is sounding more and more like metalcore every day. Merauder's third album, *Bluetality*, is pretty much the same thing they were doing back in the *Master Killer*-era of their career. If there's anything much different, it's the Billy Milano co-produced, M.O.D.-sounding production. Does an obvious anti-police album title and a track list including more than one anti-police song still pass as controversial? Maybe not controversial and all that shocking, although it might be considered in bad taste (at best) these days.

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By Ryan Michael Painter

The Coral
Skeleton Key EP
Deltasonic
Vs.
Mellowdrone
a demonstration of intellectual property
Artist Direct

The Coral, with their schizophrenic taste for indie pop experimentation (Beta Band, Gomez mixed with their own flavor of adventurism) and Mellowdrone with their subtle drum-machine-laced guitar-pop (not distorted like My Bloody Valentine, more like a less hook-driven Travis) both put their hats into the ring to propel the future of English-flavored music. Neither is overwhelming but, at the same time, both are documents pointing to the health of a scene that should be blossoming on both sides of the ocean. Verdict: The Coral for pure inventiveness.

Parker and Lilly
Here Comes Winter
Manifesto

Like the cinematic slowing of time as light filters through water onto a drowning hero, Parker and Lilly cast a vision of beauty onto what otherwise might be a stark and dire situation. With hints towards surf guitars stripped of speed, circus organs loaded on molasses and vocals phoned-in from whispered confessions and thoughts of uncertainty, like the more dreary songs from Red House Painters or Low Park and Lilly, succeeding through honesty and a passion to create heartfelt music.

Strangelight
Lux
Somatic
Vs.
Ours
Precious
Dreamworks

Elvis Costello has returned to the spotlight with a new rock album (not to be confused with his more adventurous and critically acclaimed classical collaborations) successful tour and a slew of double-disc reissues. Apparently Ours were listening because, for whatever reason, they've stolen bits of Costello and injected it into their music. Did I mention that it is distracting and an unfortunate choice for an otherwise promising band? Strangelight, on the other hand, release an emotionally-charged album that flirts with darkness without giving into any traditional clichés. Not as overly dramatic or stripped-back as Human Drama or as bombastic as a fully charged Mission, this proves to be their biggest weakness rather than an asset.

Verdict: Hopefully, both have brighter futures

Add N to (X)
Loud Like Nature
Mute

I wanted to believe that Loud Like Nature was going to be more outlandish than Add N to (X)'s previous releases (something along the lines of Beefcake meets Soft Cell in the middle of Soho). Although I was somewhat surprised to find that there was a more rock n' roll approach to the album, I was disappointed that it didn't sound as fresh as their albums in the past. Almost as if it actually was Add N to (X) meets the Basement Jaxx in a tourist trap, take into account that I found Rooty to be more annoying than brilliant.

Ivy
Guestroom
Minty Fresh

Under-rated and bumped around from label to label, popsters Ivy return with *Guestroom* and do the impossible: release a cover album that has their fingerprints all over it without smudging the original versions. This album is very, very good. From the playfulness of The Cure's "Let's Go To Bed" to their stirring - down-tempo restructuring of the Ronettes' "Be My Baby," Ivy add new dimension to songs you'll recognize, and probably quite a few that you don't, considering that the genres and time periods they pull from are rather diverse.

The Soft Boys
Nextdoorland
Matador

The Robyn Hitchcock-led group returns with their first album since their acclaimed *Underwater Moonlight*, released some 22 years ago. *Nextdoorland* picks up where the boys left off, no worse for wear and primed for another round. Call it a throwback to 60s simplicity and psychedelia if you like, but the Soft Boys sound neither dated nor out of place. It doesn't try to rock hard like recent Rolling Stones material, nor does it lazily reconnect the dots of a thousand songs that have come, gone and will never return again. Instead, it sounds remarkably fresh and honest. Anyone hip to the pre-punk British Invasion or post-Oasis mania should be more than satisfied.







MODUS OPERANDI

BY ONEAMYSEVEN

As I have been working on this months reviews, I have noticed the word "guitars" coming up quite a bit. I'm not a big fan of guitars, but I feel like each CD reviewed this month has had a tasteful approach to them. While I still may not be a fan, I have a new appreciation for them.

Congratulations to our local artist, **Carphax Files** who just got signed onto **COP International**.

Top 10 for February

1. **Decoded Feedback** – *Shockwave*
2. **Lexincrypt** – *My Sepulture*
3. **Xingu Hill vs. m2** – *This Anxious Space*
4. **Meat Beat Manifesto** - *99%*
5. **Pierrepoint** - *Noize Floor*
6. **Decoded Feedback** - *EVOLution*
7. **Pain Station** – *Anxiety*
8. **Negative Format** – *Static*
9. **Asche** – *Distorted Disco*
10. **Xorcist** - *Soul Reflection*

Lexincrypt
My Sepulture
DSBP/Backscatter
4/5

More evil had dug its roots into the partnered labels of **DSBP** and Salt Lake based label, **Backscatter**. Former **Modus Operandi** writer and **Symbiont** band member, **J. "Wrythe" Cameron**, debuts his first solo album only shortly after the release of Symbiont's - *Ology*. The sound is similar in a dark, ominous way, but does not come close to being a replica of the Symbiont sound. Accurately compared by the label to **Hocico**, **yelworC**, **Grendel,** and **Velvet Acid Christ**, one can find themselves buried under the raw depths of this horrific rhythmic 8-track album. I cannot emphasize enough how dark this cd is. Intense layers of sampling keep the listener attentive to what is happening. It's like reading a scary book that you just can't put down.

Juno Reactor
Hotaka
Metropolis
2/5

This teaser of the upcoming album *Odessey 1992-2002* is a new turn for the band previously known as trance-y techno-electronica. **Steven Stephens**, of **Billy Idol** fame, contributes heavy guitars while taiko drummers churn world beats. It is disappointing as this was not what I expected nor a nice surprise. *Hotaka* is remixed twice on the 4 song single by misprinted artists. Recently **Side-Line** news announced that from the album, **Kris Kylven** is furious about the misprint. The Kloq remix was wrongly stated as The **Thomas P. heckmann** remix. The Kris Kylven remix was wrongly stated as **Der dritte Raum** remix. There hasn't been an explanation yet as to why this has happened, but there is a lawsuit being pursued. This controversy about as interesting as this single gets.

KMFDM
Sturm & Drang
Metropolis
2/5

Listening to the material that **KMFDM** has released in the last 5 years has overall been a disapointment. But I still have a place in my heart for hearing KMFDM's chanting of their name and singing about how bad ass they are. Hearing the screaming fans takes me back to when **En Esch** was onstage at **DV8** in an orange mini-skirt and fishnet stockings. KMFDM is much different now. After 31 shows in 34 days on the *Sturm & Drang tour*, it is clear that the direction of KMFDM is more guitar driven. Four tracks from the latest album *Attak!,* a couple of **Pig** tracks, **MDFMK's** "Megalomaniac" and a few older tracks capture the later era of the band. While the earlier years are more appealing to me, I still enjoy keeping up with KMFDM.

Pigface
Easy Listening...
Invisible Records
2/5

Dubbed as an all star "super group", **Pigface** returns with an all new line up for *Easy Listening...* Some of the older members remain like **Chris Connelly** (**Revolting Cocks**, **Ministry**), **Groovie Mann** and **Charles Levi** (**Thrill Kill Kult**) and **En Esch** (**KMFDM**, **Slick Idiot**), and there are many new ones like **Mike and Jason Mille** (**gODHEAD**), **Siebold** (**Hate Dept.**) and **Fallon Bowman** (**Kittie**). This potluck of musicians serves up a diverse album of electro, guitar rock, and spoken word. While I am not a fan of this particular pop-neo-industrial, I find it interesting what each artist has to contribute. However, the 13 tracks seem far from original. "Blow You Away (g.t.f.a.f.m.)" has the same guitar riff as **Ministy's** "Thieves", "Insect/Suspect" could be any **Sister Machine(s) Gun of Loving Grace**. The all time low is on "Sweet Meat", a song featuring a girl singing about wanting a puppy.

Decoded Feedback
Shockwave
Metropolis
5/5

The Canadian/European, male/female duo, **Decoded Feedback**, has been around for a decade now and have made their mark on the aggro-industrial/EBM scene. After nearly two years in the making, *Shockwave* surfaces as their most aggressive release to date. Keeping up with the times, they manage to pull crunchy, pummeling beats, heavy distorted vocals and beautifully add some grinding guitars, á la **Frontline Assembly's** *Millenium* era. After *Mechanical Horizon* was released in 2001, I feared Decoded Feedback was turning towards a more synth-poppy sound. I was pleasantly surprised to hear one of my favorite noise acts, **PAL**, sampled as the title track of the album, "Shockwave". Besides the exceptional 12 tracks of dancefloor grooves, there are two surprises that make this cd worth the purchase. A cover of **The Swans'**, "Love will save you", and a video for the single released in November, "Phoenix".

SLUG Magazine Presents: *The Only Bands that Matter*

The great and the brilliant, the ridiculous and the bizarre, all are listed here in SLUG Magazine's second annual Utah Band List. Once again, as we have proven, you have no reason not to be out and about in Salt Lake City's flourishing musical underground appreciating,criticizing and just plain enjoying the shitload of talent that dwells within these dirty valley walls. Unfortunately, this list is nowhere near comprehensive. As we did last year, we left it up to you folks in bands to let us know about yourselves, and some of you simply couldn't be bothered to drop us a line and earn some free publicity. Your loss, I suppose. Unless, of course, your band really, really sucks, cuz then nobody really wants to know about you anyway. That aside, I present to you the 2003 Utah Band List. Enjoy!

Name: 23 Extacy
Description: Aggressive cold-wave in collaboration with diverse Utah-based vocalists and musicians.
Releases: *Holy Land* (2001)
Email: novaoneprod@hotmail.com
Genre: Industrial

Name: Ariel
Description: Rock n' Roll was never supposed to be "popular." It was born out of rebellion against the status quo.
Email: mail@aerialairforce.com
Website: www.aerialairforce.com
Genre: Rock n' Roll

Name: Ass Gaskets
Description: Puck rock with an Ass Gasket twist.
Email: assgasketsdrums@aol.com

Name: Audible
Description: Audible is a group that contains four members who combine theirinfluences into one high-energy original sound.
Email: audiblemusic@hotmail.com
Website: www.audiblesounds.com
Hometown: Ogden
Genre: Funk/Hip-Hop/Jazz/Rock

Name: Awaiting Treatment
Description: Local industrial act in the Wax Trax style. Reminiscent of Ministry, Skinny Puppy and Pigface.
Website: www.awaitingtreatment.com
Genre: Industrial

Name: Badapple
Description: Psychedelic/Folk/Pop/Western/Punk; melodic & originally composed.
Releases: *Live At The Bel-Aire Apartments* (1998), *Sister Sarah* (2000) Ruby Records, *For The Cellar* (2002) Ruby Records
Contact: Gared Moses
Phone: 801.548.4551
Email: gared@email.com
Website: www.rubyrec.com/badapple
Hometown: Salt Lake City

Name: Bat's Brew
Description: Sometimes melancholy, sometimes intensely happy ... the rhythms get mixed up good between hard driving and spacey-mellow.
Contact: Rob
Email: robgilliland@hotmail.com
Website: artists2.iuma.com/IUMA/Bands/Trouble/
Hometown: Salt Lake City

Name: The Black Dots
Description: Acoustic super-duo playing an eclectic mix of obscure cover songs.
Contact: Bryan Mehr
Phone: 801.539.1003
Email: theblackdots@yahoo.com
Hometown: Salt lake City
Genre: Folk Punk

Name: Books About UFOs
Description: Exciting, high-energy rock music. Loud, melodic, raw lo-fi pop.
Email: booksaboutufos@hotmail.com
Website: www.booksaboutufos.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Indie rock/British invasion garage rock/Art pop

Name: Boundless
Email: xon@backscatter.biz
Website: www.thishell.net/boundless
Genre: Electro/Classical

Name: Carlo
Description: Loud, emotional music based on a tight friendship and a strong appreciation for all types of music.
Email: lilloopy@hotmail.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City

Name: Compound Fraxure
Description: Strongly diverse experimental hard/metal band drawing from many influences.
Releases: *Live in the Living Room* (1998), *Small Atrocity* (2001)
Contact: Rod McNeely
Phone: 801.366.9263
Email: www.compoundfraxure.com
Hometown: Moab
Genre: Metal

Name: Cronies
Description: We play noise and anthem rock.
Email: tim@croniesrawk.com
Website: www.croniesrawk.com

Name: Cryptobiotic
Description: Cryptobiotic blends original, hard-hitting, modern-aggressive, new-school music with a tribal alternative edge that is setting the standard for the new generation of hard music.
Email: cryptobiotic@hotmail.com
Website: www.cryptobiotic.com
Genre: Hardcore

Name: The Debonairs
Description: Rock n' roll made like it should be: loud, fun, psychotic, simple and menacing.
Releases: *This Be The Debonairs* (2002)
Contact: Ben Thunderblood
Phone: 801.621.1698
Email: thunderblud@netscape.net
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Rock

Name: The Defamation League
Description: Music that reflects both originality and raw talent. Live shows that captivate audiences through high energy.
Releases: *Eye Politics* (2002)
Contact: Trevor
Email: trevor@odmcg.com
Hometown: Brigham City
Genre: Post-hardcore

Name: The Drips
Description: We still have not found anything on the radio that sounds quite like what we do.
Releases: *Introducing The Drips* (2002)
Contact: Jimmy
Phone: 801.949.6324
Email: the_drips@hotmail.com
Website: http://www.thedrips.net
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Retro Punk

Name: Drowning by Numbers
Email: drowningby123@hotmail.com
Website: www.drowningmusic.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Indie rock

Name: EEWEE
Email: eewee@eewee-music.com
Website: www.eewee-music.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Punk/Garage rock

Name: Ed Gain
Description: A nice blend of clean melodies and a heavy beat. Whether you're into soft or hard music, you'll like Ed Gain.
Email: zllac@hotmail.com
Website: www.edgain.com

Name: Fallen
Description: S.L.C Snob-rock
Email: zeekyfluid@yahoo.com
Genre: Punk

Name: Fatal Blow
Description: We are a street-punk band.
Email: Fatal_blow_band@hotmail.com
Website: www.fatalblow.cjb.net

Name: Flatline Syndicate
Description: An 8-piece band blending HIP-HOP/TRIBAL/HARDCORE like you've never seen before
Releases: *Dead On Arrival* (2003)
Contact: Dave Semon
Phone: 801.955.8808
Email: flatlinesyndicate@yahoo.com
Website: www.flatlinesyndicate.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Hip Hop/Hardcore

Name: Frankensystem
Email: kurtcrawler@hotmail.com
Website: www.geocities.com/frankensystem
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Punk

Name: Godstar
Description: Sonic macumba.
Contact: Deus Stella
Email: band@godstar.net
Website: www.godstar.net
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Electronic Experimental

Name: Good As Gone
Description: A four-piece punk band that's been playing since April of 2002.
Email: jake_blake@goodasgone.net
Website: www.goodasgone.net
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: The good kind

Name: Handjob Involved
Description: Ever had a handjob? Kinda like that, but for your ears.
Releases: *Rock'n'Roll* (2002), *Take Care* (2003)
Contact: Jezebel
Phone: 801.474.2658
Email: handjobinvolved@hotmail.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Fuck all systems of musical categorization, especially the most recent ones.

Name: Hatepiece
Email: hatemail@hatepiece.com
Website: www.hatepiece.com
Hometown: Ogden
Genre: Hardcore/Metal

Name: Heroes of the Day
Description: Good ol' unique rock music.
Contact: Tim Watson
Phone: 801.638.0204
Hometown: Salt Lake City

Name: Incendiant
Email: incendiant@deathwishinc.net
Website: www.incendiant.net
Genre: Grindcore/Deathcore

Name: K1-2B
Description: Experimental Metal/Tribal/Lounge Core
Releases: *Amizade* (2002)
Contact: Donnavan J.
Phone: 801.718.1987
Email: band@k1-2b.com
Website: www.k1-2b.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City

Name: Knuckles Foley
Description: Thundering bass + insane skin-pounding + dueling guitars + pathetic vocals + knife fights + alcohol abuse = Knuckles Foley
Releases: *03 Demo* (2003)
Contact: Mugsy
Phone: 801.556.4606
Website: www.knucklesfoley.8m.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: metalpunk

Name: Loki's Daughter
Description: Tense, deviant rock that's sloppy but likeable.
Email: info@lokisdaughter.com
Website: www.lokisdaughter.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Hardcore

Name: The Madman Chronicles
Description: Never before has anyone seen or heard anything like The MadMan Chronicles! With storytelling narratives and powerful and melodic acoustic songs, you will leave with your mind open and your head spinning!
Email: TMMChronicles@hotmail.com
Website: ww.superjoymanagement.com
Hometown: Provo/American Fork
Genre: Experimental Acoustic

Name: Magstatic
Description: Indie-rock power pop, catchy guitary cute popular 4-piece pop sweatshop.
Releases: *Country vs. City* (2002) Pop Sweatshop, *Wrist Rockets and Roller Coasters* (2001) Guapo, *Cruiseliner* (2000) Guapo/Running, *Kung Fu* (1999) Running, *Blue Dirt b/w Beautiful* (1998) Sub Pop
Email: magstatic@xmission.com
Website: www.magstatic.com or www.popsweatshop.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Indie

Name: m a n i c
Email: manicproject@yahoo.com
Website: www.manicproject.com
Hometown: Bountiful
Genre: Industrial/Electronic

Name: Medicine Circus
Description: Guitar-heavy alternative rock.
Phone: 801.969.1841
Email: landya1@excite.com

Name: The Middle Distance
Email: jefferson@themiddledistance.com
Website: www.themiddledistance.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Indie rock

Name: Money $hot
Description: Supergroovalisticpsycho-pornofunkadelia
Email: busterchery@planetagency.com
Website: www.planetagency.com/moneyshot.htm
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Smutfunk/Muthafunk

Name: Mr. TROUT
Description: Mr. Trout is Salt Lake City's favorite fish-themed band. Live shows feature an energetic blend of original material and covers.
Email: tophertrout@mistertrout.com
Website: www.mistertrout.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Rock

Name: Nova Paradiso
Description: Exotica, world mix. Big sound, strange colors, diverse.
Email: jdlee8587@qwest.net
Website: www.novaparadiso.com

Name: Nurse Sherri
Description: This power-pop 5-piece harnesses their old-school influences with innovative indifference and tenured talent.
Releases: *One Hundred Ton* (2002)
Contact: Scott Bakke
Phone: 801.971.9257
E-mail: NurseSherriSLC@aol.com
Website: www.nursesherri.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City.
Genre: Alternative Punk Power-pop

Name: The Opposable Thumb
Email: spgray@the-opposable-thumb.com
Website: www.the-opposable-thumb.com
Genre: Heavy Rock

Name: Pagan Dead
Description: Dark, demented thrash horrorbilly from the Stygian Realm.
Email: muerto@pagandead.com
Website: www.pagandead.com

Name: The Paper District
Email: thepaperdistrict@hotmail.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Music

Name: Passage
Description: Somewhat emo, somewhat grunge. We don't know, we don't really classify, we just know we're not country or pop.
Email: coffin_chris@yahoo.com
Website: www.angelfire.com/band2/passage_slc
Hometown: Salt Lake City

Name: Phono
Description: Dark melodic rock with industrial/electronic overtones.
Releases: *Dementia* (2002)
Contact: Joe
Phone: 801.864.6888
Email: phono@phonoonline.com
Website: www.phonoonline.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Industrial

Name: Plan B
Description: Plan B is an indie-rock/punk-style band which has been performing throughput the Salt Lake valley for about a year now.
Contact: Mike
Phone: 801.548.9055
Email: supermann105@hotmail.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Indie/Punk

Name: Lizzy Redshawl
Description: Wind-spun desert rock against psychedelic country-fied blues. Homegrown snakeroot for the nerves!
Email: rico.d.cordova@frito-lay.com
Website: www.mp3.com/lizzyredshawl
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Folk rock-blues rock

Name: Remedy Motel
Description: Gram Parsons meets R.E.M. on CCR's front porch.
Email: mica@remedymotel.com
Website: www.remedymotel.com

Name: The Ridge Runners
Description: Rockabilly, traditional with a hillbilly style.
Email: slcbillygirl@yahoo.com
Website: www.theridgerunners.com

Name: The Rodeo Boys
Description: Beers, tears and bagel schmears.
Email: seymourcash@hotmail.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Country

Name: Road Head
Description: Four guys looking to inspire or to be inspired in Utah's local rock music scene.
Contact: Dano
Phone: 801.965.6206
Email: danomartines@yahoo.com

Name: The Satyrs
Description: Intelligent jazz and blues, classical to contemporary.
Email: markchaney@hotmail.com

Name: Seconds Away
Description: Indie rock with a hint of punk and a dash of emo.
Email: keith@secondsaway.net
Website: www.secondsaway.net

Name: Seed
Description: A 4-piece band influenced by bands like Tool, Rage and Deftones.
Contact: Jeremey
Email: jeremy@seedlowdown.com
Website: www.seedlowdown.com
Genre: Hardcore/Rock

Name: Special Edward
Email: jordtang@hotmail.com
Website: www.specialedward.com
Genre: Ska-core

Name: Stiletto
Description: Down n' dirty all-girl 60s-punk-tinged rock band.
Contact: Rebecca
Phone: 801.414.1261
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Rock

Name: Symbiont
Description: Vengeful hellectro.
Email: symbiont@thishell.net
Website: www.thishell.net/symbiont
Genre: Electronic

Name: Their Satanic Majesty
Description: We specialize in lots of fuzz and lots of volume in the spirit of 60s garage bands.
Phone: 801.918.0812
Email: boleiro_1@yahoo.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: 60s Psyche Rock

Name: Thunderfist
Description: Salt Lake's self-proclaimed alcoholic cockroaches.
Releases: *Loud, Fast, Rock and Roll* (2002)
Contact: Danny
Phone: 801.651.2606
Email: dannyeven@yahoo.com
Website: www.thunderfistmusic.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Punk/Rock

Name: The Trademark
Email: trademarkband@hotmail.com
Website: www.mp3.com/the_trademark__utah
Hometown: Pleasant Grove/Provo
Genre: Power-pop punk

Name: Tragic Black
Email: tragicblack@tragicblack.com
Website: www.tragicblack.com
Genre: Goth/Batcave/Deathrock/Post-punk

Name: Twilight Transmissions
Description: Electronic and organic experimental themes that begin from dark ambient to sheer distortion.
Email: novaoneprod@hotmail.com
Genre: Noise Power Noise

Name: Twinge
Description: EXPLOSIVE - MELODIC - EERIE. Powerful hooks, raw aggression and piercing energy coupled with true Dynamics.
Releases: *Drowned in Silence* (2002), *Conundrum* (2003)
Contact: Kajol
Phone: 801.688.0727
Email: aaron@twinge.net
Website: www.twinge.net
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Hardcore

Name: The Urie Circle
Description: We are addicted to noise and love loud music. A cathartic assault on all senses.
Email: theuriecircle@yahoo.com
Website: www.theuriecircle.com

Name: Vaddict
Releases: *Cavity* (2002)
Email: band@vaddict.com
Website: www.vaddict.com
Hometown: Provo
Genre: Melodic hardcore

Name: Velvet Jones
Description: Joe sings while Adam, Jer and Tim play.
Contact: Joe
Email: joe_denhalter@hotmail.com
Website: www.velvetjones-ut.com
Genre: Rock/Alternative/Grunge

Name: Vernicious Knid
Description: Unique melodic power metal band with chick singer. Been in SLC since 1997. Present lineup formed in spring 2000.
Email: vernicious_knid@hotmail.com
Website: www.mp3.com/verniciousknid
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Metal

Name: Violet Run
Description: Melodic dark rock.The Cure meets Smashing Pumpkins.
Releases: *East of the Sun, West of the Moon* (2002)
Contact: Rebecca
Phone: 801.414.1261
Email: violetrun@hotmail.com
Website: www.violetrun.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Rock

Name: Waist Deep
Email: waistdeep@rock.com
Website: www.waistdeep.com
Hometown: Salt Lake City
Genre: Rock/Blues/Ska

Name: Wicked Diamond
Description: An Awesome 80s heavy metal tribute band with a growing sex- and violence stage show!
Email: wickeddiamond@attbi.com
Website: www.angelfire.com/indie/wickeddiamond/index.html
Genre: Metal

LOCAL CD REVIEWS

By Rebecca Vernon



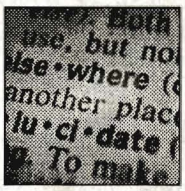
Debi Graham, *Anesthesia*

Debi Graham has to be one of the most underrated guitarists in Salt Lake City. Of course, her soulful voice, jazzy, funky, bluesy and sometimes rock-based songwriting is enough to raise plenty of appreciative eyebrows, but it's her fast-as-hell strumming and picking—both flawless and emotional—that really makes your jaw drop. Graham's drummer, Maria Galiano, and bassist, Larry Martinez, are also excellent musicians—they execute each song's complicated stops and starts à lá Ani DiFranco with anal precision. The music itself is more layered—and more melancholy—on the CD than I remember it being live. Husky alto sax and brash trumpets float over Graham's sassy retro-style singing on Track No. 1, and it's pretty amazing that one acoustic guitar and vocals could create such a dreamy, emotional mood on Track No. 3. Track No. 6, with its echoey vocal effects and somber mood, is also a powerful standout.



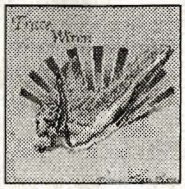
Erosion, *Coma 7-inch*

Erosion's trademark thunderous rock assault that drives your spine up into your brain and curdles your pretty pink spleen is here in full effect. A fuzzy wall of blinding guitar-n'-bass sonics ratchet up Jon Bean's lyrical madness and makes the listener feel that Bean is the carrier of a deadly disease in a dark world for which there is no cure. "Coma" captures real rock n' roll grit, and the eerie sound of wolfs howling over the first bit of "King is Blind" sets the mood when Bean sings, "You will find your way through the darkness by turning yourself inside-out/Like the king who lost his eyes, I have learned what they're talking about." Smooth-as-silk production throughout the mix keeps Erosion's sound unified and unsullied, like soap film on the surface of bath water, floating clean and pure above the gunk.



Elsewhere, *Another Place*

Get it? The dictionary definition of "Elsewhere" is "another place," as Elsewhere were so kind to point out on their CD cover art. *Another Place* is Brit-poppy, like The Jesus & Mary Chain without all the drug references—simple, straightforward pop rock, without being generic or poorly executed. There's really, really good production throughout the album, which was recorded at Boho Digitalia and "Elsewhere's secret lair," so recording musician hipsters, take note. Mournful singer-songwriter melodies dominate my favorite song on the album, "Love Song in G" with simple-as-pie drumbeats reminiscent of Mazzy Star (no surprise due to the J&M Chain reference?) getting a little stronger in the end and finishing off with some beautiful violin arrangements. Word on the street is Elsewhere has broken up since they submitted this CD to *SLUG*, but stay tuned, new projects are in the works!



Trace Wiren, *Damn These Plates*

If Trace is talking about those ugly Utah license plate designs, I couldn't agree more, but for all we know, she's talking about knee surgery. Trace Wiren, of past projects Lovesucker and Gearl Jam, now presents for your consumption pleasure *Damn These Plates*. It starts out with the sound of a record player followed by deliciously simple, blues-based folk that is rich with layers of depth—like a fat, glossy onion where each layer peeled away reveals more soul and lyrics embedded in the folklore of Americana. "Do What You Want" is classic Trace, with her matter-of-fact, laid-back voice and a rockin' electric chorus. A lot of the songs are only a minute or two long, as if the impression of a feeling were more important to Trace than making a contrived radio blockbuster hit. The lyrics follow suit—Trace knows just what to say, and proves that a bare suggestion is more powerful than spelling something out cold in black and white. "Disdain" and "Going My Way" are sad, dark love songs that convey the type of pain only a lost lover could give you.



George St. John, *Vexations*

In a world of Cheerios, George St. John has more than aptly proved himself to be a sparkly and spangled Froot Loop. And, hell no it doesn't matter that he has moved to San Diego—in the Locals columns is where he'll always belong. *Vexations* has an indie-rock vibe, but remains aloof from indie's reindeer games—it's mostly reminiscent of Guided by Voices in its total poetic disregard for "How a Song Should Be", and The Centimeters, with abrasive beats and unpredictable song structure. The unique pauses and stops of "No Time Before Science" go straight into "Get Stakerized,"—a tribute to Salt Lake's least understood band, with lyrics of dark and knowing irony. Polka surfaces as in "Lamaros E Vacaros", and psycho tango entangles as in "Etoile Filante." Utter, heartbreaking sadness permeates some songs, then immediately vacillates back to humor, sarcasm and veiled absurdity. With each song different, yet retaining a common thread of avant-gardeability, *Vexations* is an intoxicating taste of true art.



Swank 5, *Smoove*

So it's from 2001. It's still worthy of being reviewed. *Smoove* IS smooth, it moves, and it's not saturated with cheese. It's actually pretty hard stuff—very, very tight and professional-sounding. The vocals are strong, and remind one of hard rock or metal vocals—they're not hokey at all. Wow! A lot of Swank 5's songs are very jazz-and-blues based. "Sneaky Pete" has jazz inflections, and "Sunset Lounge" is well, loungey and sounds almost like Red Hot Chili Peppers, without so much of their pop elements. "Duality" boasts funky guitar strokes on the upbeat and "Purity" is nice and goes down like nectar—a slow rock song to start winding down the album with. So what if Swank 5 is anti-funk or just funk-punk, they're good, either way.

TODD'S
Bar & Grill
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1051 S. 300 W. SLC 801.328.8650



FRI 2/7 - Todd's 3rd Anniversary Party w/ The Rodeo Boys and Live DJ
SAT 2/8 - Pagan Dead / Ridge Runners
SUN 2/9 - Richard Walker / Terrell
FRI 2/14 - Valentine Party w/ Love Misery & Live DJ
SAT 2/15 - BENT
SUN 2/16 - Jaw Sunday
FRI 2/21 - Dirty Birds w/ Live DJ
SAT 2/22 - Die Monster Die / Awaiting Treatment
SUN 2/23 - Nurse Sherry / Iota / Poison Candy
FRI 2/28 - Gerald Music w/ Live DJ
SAT 3/1 - Love Misery / DJ Nick James
SUN 3/2 - Luv Nugget
FRI 3/7 - Books About UFO's w/ Live DJ

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Once upon a time in Salt Lake City, Utah, there was Spanky's Cinema Bar. Many touring rock n' roll bands visited Spanky's. Some are forgotten, some are famous and some have mutated today. **Bob Log III** once appeared at Spanky's as one-half of the duo **Doo Rag**. Bob Log claims he has visited Salt Lake City since that night. I've never seen him. I did happen to catch him once in Austin, Texas. Other more astute local music critics were discovering bands that are mostly forgotten now. Bob Log III isn't forgotten–he's big in Japan. His latest recorded "product" is entitled *Log Bomb*. His previous recorded products bear titles as unlikely as *Trike* and *School Bus*. He once did a split EP with **20 Miles** and called it *Stupid Tunes & Spirituals*. All of these releases owe a debt to Mississippi blues, although Bob Log III lives in Tucson, Arizona.

I'm sure Bob Log III will find encouragement in these next words. I played his CD at work and received reactions good and bad. One gentleman who looked like he was prepping for a spot on the stupidity embraced by millions hooked by lifelines to their square boxes—reality television—said to his date, "This music is giving me a headache, let's get out of here." At the same time, an older woman was grinding her hips so hard I was thankful a male dog wasn't around to sniff at her crotch. On another occasion, an individual with listening skills made a bid for my advance promotional copy of the CD. It could be that Bob Log III creates music that doesn't hold appeal for everyone, like individuals who watch MTV every day and listen to the radio.

The Japanese do like him. I presume it is because he wears a motorcycle helmet on stage. They probably like motorcycle helmets because they manufacture a lot of motorcycles. Bob Log III introduces his live band on his new CD. The tune is entitled "One Man Band Boom." There are a lot of songs with a lot of boom in them on the new "product." On this particular song, Bob Log III says, "On cymbals left foot, over here on the bass drum, we got right foot shut up, here's my left hand does all the slide work, my right hand does all the pickin', my mouth hole does most of the talking and you're looking at my finger. Don't talk to my finger, my finger is an asshole." Bob Log III has another song entitled "Boob Scotch." This song is about females who stick their boobs in his glass of Scotch. Bob Log III had a song on his last album entitled, "Clap Your Tits." That is probably his most famous song. He hired two professional women to provide percussion on that song and in fact on every other song that CD, *Trike*, contained. If you keep reading, you will gain insight on both songs and on Bob Log III.

Bob Log III, if you haven't figured it out by now, is a one-man-band. He plays the blues, but he doesn't play the blues like Stevie Ray Vaughan. He doesn't even play the blues like Eric Clapton. Bob Log III plays the blues like most other folks signed to the Fat Possum record label—abnormally.

Now Bob Log III will speak through the miracle of transcription. The first question was a natural: "Are tits with implants better for clapping?" Bob Log III responded with, "Really, almost any tits will work. I mean, the basic idea is, I'm playing guitar and people are supposed to clap their tits together. If anyone in the room is clapping their tits together, it makes everyone else in the room feel better. Implants? It doesn't matter. If you have no tits and you clap against your friend that works pretty good, too. The best way is if you grab your own breasts, push them together and make a sound. The girl on the record I found out was actually four months pregnant. I don't know if that helped or not, but she sounded great."



Body parts aren't used for percussion on the new CD, but Bob Log III offered a little more insight on a somewhat uncomfortable subject. "I tried it, I toured the world playing it and I found out most people won't do it. Every once in a while, it happens and when it does happen, it's on days that none of us who are there will ever forget. Wow, we're in a room and there's tit-clapping going on. How many people can really say that? I guess once or twice in your life is good. It's happened to me maybe 30 times out of 300 shows. I would say I was a little disappointed. I thought more people would be clapping their tits now than actually are."

Bob Log III went on to say that his new song, "Boob Scotch," is more successful. "Since I've made the song, I've had a lot of boobs in not so many drinks. Some people want to double-dip.That's the other thing. A lot of girls want to taste the drink that's been boobed by another girl. That's a strange side-effect. I had no idea that was coming. It really kind of threw me for a loop, but I've quit thinking about it. I just accept it. More people, I've found, will put their tit in your drink than will clap them together—basically the results of my research." Bob Log III continued with another conclusion based on his research. "What does happen a lot of times is people will just get on stage and rip their shirt off. That's nice, but that's not clapping. I don't count that as clapping. You gotta actually be clapping to count as clapping."

He reported that at a show in Austin, he had a girl sitting on his lap and another girl with a bare chest on the stage. "At that same show, two girls ripped their shirts off, but this other girl who was sitting on my knee bit me on the neck so bad I had teeth marks for three days. That's the danger of leaving my neck unprotected. The one part of me that's showing."

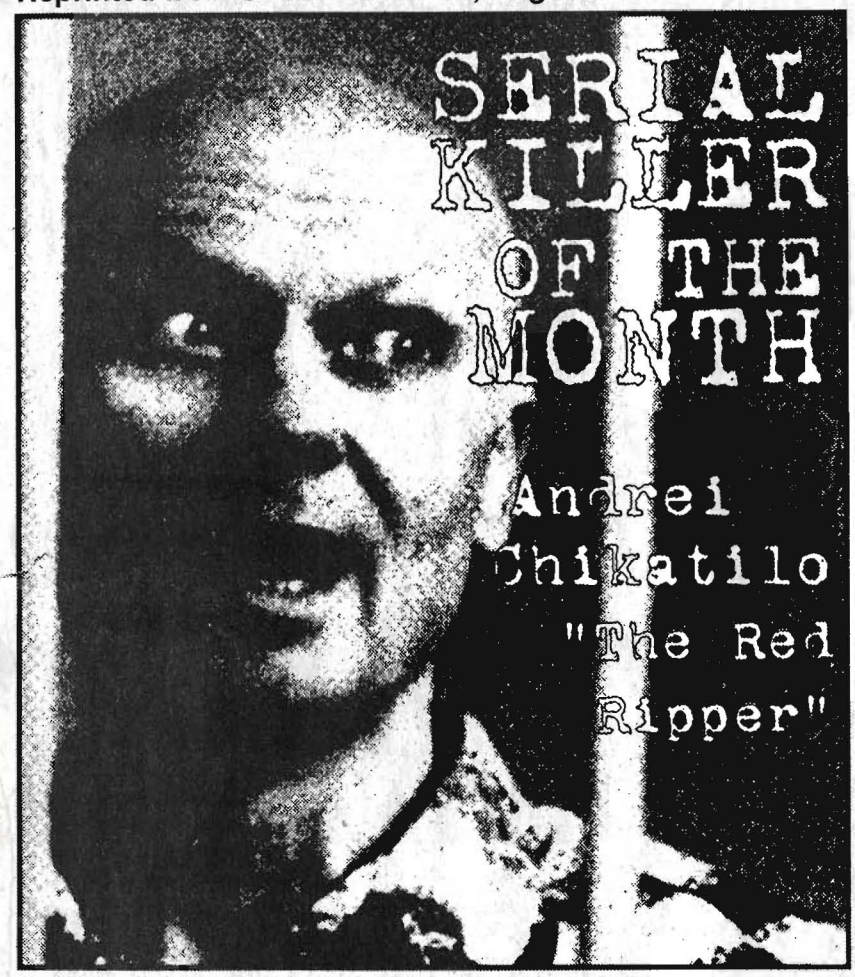
Although Bob Log III had barely begun to speak at this point, he quickly revealed a key personality trait. He was still ranting on the teeth marks in his neck when he said, "I got in a car wreck and I had 10 shows in Canada. I was actually in a neck brace. Everyone thought it was funny and I'm like, I don't think this is funny at all. It fucking hurt. The lawyer people kept saying, 'Cancel the shows, we'll get you the money.' I was like, Fuck you. I don't want to cancel no shows. This isn't like a job. Fuck. I love it. I totally love doing this. I go around trying to get people to clap their tits together and put their tit in my glass. I'm doing alright." He loves his job?Bob Log III is married. I asked him if his wife gets jealous. "She's probably the least jealous person on the face of the planet. That's pretty much how I met her, so what can she say?"

The follow-up concerned the "feminist" response to Bob Log III's antics. I asked if his show has ever been picketed by feminists. "I've never been picketed. What's a feminist? You know what, though? If it wasn't for a crowd of 3,000 lesbians, I never would have thought of 'Clap Your Tits.' I panicked. I didn't know what to do. I was opening for Ani Difranco. I was playing for 3,000 lesbians. I'd never done that before. I'm sitting there and I'm like, 'Hey, I've got an idea!' I tried to get them to clap their tits on every song. That didn't work so good, either. Then I tried putting it in a song. I guess technically, I have the feminists to thank for 'Clap Your Tits.' I had a really good time and maybe they didn't clap their tits, but maybe they enjoyed the idea of it. I know a lot of people go on and try it later. All these people not doing it are going home and doing it later. In the safety of their own bathroom in front of a mirror, saying, 'I could've done that.' "

I asked Bob Log III about the trendy nature of "fucked-up blues," a compartment he is sometimes placed in and a compartment with decades of history beyond the scope of today's average music "journalist." "I don't worry about any of that, man. I play the music I love. I've been playing slide guitar for 22 years and that's what I do." What does Bob Log III listen to? What kind of music rocks his little man in the boat, or influences him? He replied with, "Right now, I've been listening to a lot of **Joseph Spence**. I can't get enough.

CONTINUED ON PG. 26

Reprinted from SLUG Issue # 92, August 1996.



As fear rose from her body like steam, he pushed her to the ground. She struggled against him, but her futile efforts and terrified screams were like an aphrodisiac to him. He shoved dirt in her mouth and punched her about her head and face, finally strangling her to death. Her fear and absolute terror brought about a sensation that he was not accustomed to but nevertheless craved. As his sexual excitement rose in unison with her terror they both came to their final climax — hers death — his sexual release.

He was Andrei Chikatilo, Russia's first and one of the worlds worst serial killers, nicknamed "The Red Ripper". She was Larisa Tkachenco, Andrei's second victim. Her only reason for death was being 12 years old and very naive.

Andrei was born on October 16, 1936 in Yablochnoye, which was a very rich land, until Stalin invaded and killed any one who resisted except those who escaped or were banished. According to Andrei, his grandfather was banished, and from there the Chikatilo's lived a very poor life filled with famine and fear. His mother became very bitter and dominating, his older brother was eaten by starving neighbors and his father was branded and eventually died as a trader to his country, (he didn't mention his sister much).

He blamed his 'abnormalities' on these facts and never confided them to any one throughout his life until his arrest. His wife of 27 years (Feodisa) and two children (which authorities were amazed at, due to the fact he was totally impotent all his life) had no idea of what their loved one was capable of and actually engaged in. It wasn't until the confession from Andrei himself, that they came to the horrible realization of what he was. Chikatilo brutally murdered 55 women and children. Starting with a 9 year old child named Yelna Zakotnova in 1978, who he lured to a squalid house he'd kept as a secret den for perverse sexual experimentation, and had his first encounter with sexual gratification. Andrie was so unnerved by this first encounter that he did not repeat it until 3 years later with Larisa, at which time he finally came to the realization he was meant to be a killer, and at that moment the worst serial killer in modern history embraced his calling with a vengeance.

Andrei went on the first few years perfecting his only 'talent', becoming very proficient at what he had chosen to do in his spare time, right down to successfully eluding officials in the largest manhunt in Russian history and maintaining his facade of normality for 12 years.

He was not a successful man and all his life he was ridiculed and despised by those who encountered him. He was extremely shy particularly with girls, almost to the point of terror. He wet his bed until age 12 and was teased in youth being called a 'Baba' (woman). He tried to get into a reputable college and was denied (which he blames on his fathers standing). He finally got into a trade college and graduated with high marks and a teaching degree. He got a job as a teacher (a highly respected profession) but was fired for inappropriate advances towards female children students.

Andrei did not despair, he finally got the job he was suited for, a traveling salesman, which allowed him to come and go without notice. It was during this time he embraced his passions with a frenzy. He started killing 2 or 4 times a year but quickly graduated to 1 or 2 a week. With each murder he became more vicious, at first the victims weakness was enough to bring about sexual release, but eventually his release came only with more perverse and horrid actions like cutting them open while they were still alive and taking out their sexual organs and eyes. Then he would either eat them, or shove them back into the bodies, while the victims would scream and fight for their lives.

Andrei Chikatilo was finally arrested on November 11, 1990 and showed no remorse or reaction during his trial until the verdict and sentence was passed, at which time he yelled *"Why me? I demand the podium! Get me a lawyer! I didn't confess to anything! Show me the Corpses"* He evidently forgot everything he said and showed them including his own analysis of himself when he said *"I am a mistake of nature, I deserve to be done away with"* Andrei's final sentencing came on October 15, 1992, exactly one day before his 56th birthday, when he finally received a bullet in the back of the head. The Red Ripper's era was finally over.

Note: Russian authorities didn't believe it possible for them to have a serial killer, that in itself hindered the investigation. However if they would have considered the possibility could he have been stopped earlier, and could many shattered lives have been spared?

—Tanya Cintron

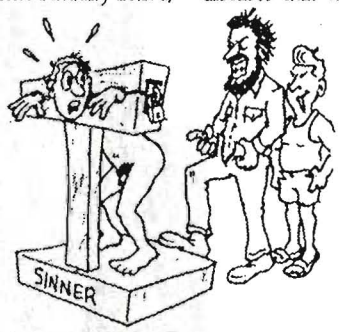
MORMON UPDATE

Let The Punishment Fit The Sin!

There is really only one thing I, Uncle Ezra, can say about Bountiful High School's decision to reprimand sexually promiscuous students: Thank you Jesus, it's about time. In my opinion, this should have happened a long time ago. Sex has been misused since Eve had her way with the serpent. If we don't do something about sexual misuse now, things will even get more out of hand. The next thing you know, we'll have south of the border donkey acts going on right in the middle of Temple Square. I am one apostle of God who will not allow this to happen.

It heats my holy underwear to even think that sexual sin may be taking place with our unwed children. Give me one good reason that sex should be used for anything except reproduction, and I'll join the Pagan occult. It's bad enough that some people rationalize sex in a non-temple marriage, but to rationalize it without a marriage at all is nothing short of the work of old Scratch. Why in my day, a high school child would have been ostracized at the mere mention of the word 'sex.' And that is how it still should be. These days, you could probably get a medal to put on your letterman jacket just for performing the act of sin enough times. Well, no more!

Davis county is on the right track, but I have a few ideas that could take sex out of the adolescent mind forever. Davis county wants students to sign a contract stating that if they become sexually active, they would lose their very important positions of varsity athlete, cheerleader, class officer, etc. Let us take that one step further. If anyone unmarried (and I mean anyone), is caught performing the unholy deed, they are to be tied up in public, have their faults made known to everyone present, declothed, and left there for two days to be ridiculed by all. If they are caught again, they will have their genitals removed, and I, personally, will see that they are thrown into eternal outer darkness after they die. There is just no reason to be groping each other without the good Lord's approval.



Now some of you may find this a little harsh. But just think about the consequences of unbridled sex. We have outlandishly high teenage pregnancy rates. The children of these unwed mothers are, no doubt, going to grow up and be at least as sexually mischievous as their "parents." We also have so many social diseases that we have run out of names to give them. Now we just call them a simplex and throw a number after it. The Lord and I believe that if anyone's private part falls off due to their lack of self control, they deserve it. It's beyond me that you sinners can perform lustful acts right in front of the good Savior that gave you life. If I were him (as I someday hope to be), I would melt unwed sinners together with their own lascivious musk. I'm sure my time will come.

Children, this is especially for you. Every morning when you get out of bed, pray your hardest that you won't be tempted by the lowly horned one to even have those evil thoughts enter your still pure minds. Every time you feel one of those animalistic images enter your celestial cortex, just hum your favorite church hymn. I always hum "Come Ye Children of the Lord." That does it every time (not that those thoughts ever enter my mind — ever). If one of these thoughts does burn it's way into your head, run, don't walk, to your Bishop and tell him all about what Satan has done to you. Then you should feel guilt and shame for 3 to 5 days.

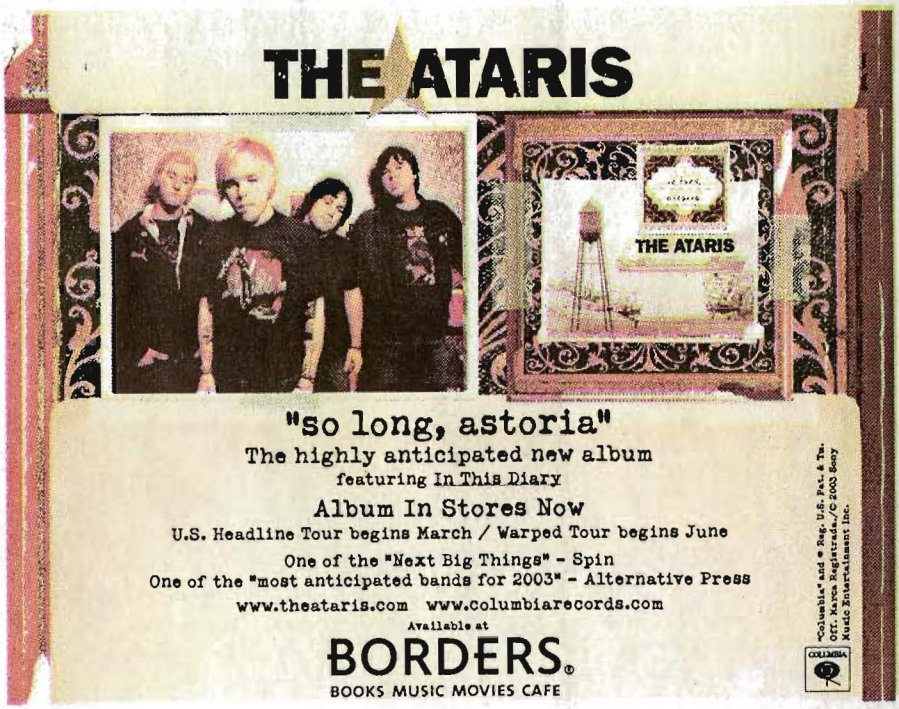
Youth of today, just remember this. You may think you are fooling God and Uncle Ezra when you are doing touchy-feely in the back of your parents cars. But the truth is, God is getting it all on home-video. And when you die, we are going to show it to everybody (including your parents). So if Bountiful High School kicks you off the football team, just consider it a slap on the wrist compared to the wrath of God. Take heed to my words. Save your parental obligation chores until you have my permission. And you will only get that after the Lord and I pronounce you and your temple spouse, "Man and Wife."

Until next month
Uncle Ezra.

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CONTINUED FROM PG. 23



That's kind of Bahama blues. It's a little different. I love Fred McDowell. I wouldn't be playing this if it wasn't for **Fred McDowell** and **AC/DC**. That's just dirty blues. That's what I try to play—dirty, dirty blues. I don't know what it is. You hear it, it makes you feel better. It makes you smile kind of nasty."

If by chance Bob Log III manages to visit Salt Lake City, here is what to watch for. He revealed in song the one-man-band setup already, but there is a little more to his stage presence. "Mostly, I use Silvertone f-hole acoustic guitars and I just stick in an electric guitar pickup and an acoustic guitar pickup. I got two plugs and two amps and I try to sound like two guitar players. That's what I learned from Fred McDowell. He sounds like two or three men. I don't know how he did it." Perhaps the vocal aspect is the most curious Bob Log III eccentricity. His face is hidden inside a motorcycle helmet and he uses a telephone. "Live and on all my records, I sing through a telephone. It just sounds like a telephone. We all know what that sounds like."

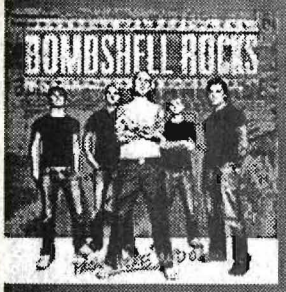
Marcus Durant of **Zen Guerilla** is another man with an odd vocal apparatus. He runs his voice through a Bell and Howell movie projector amplifier. Bob Log III is no stranger to the device. "Oh yeah, I played with those guys for years. Yeah, yeah. We used to have a film projector amp. We showed up one time at a show and we both had the same weird, fucked-up amp. Doo Rag had all kinds of amps. We had homemade tuba amps, we had the film projector, we had the .... man, it was part of an office chair with tubes. We were crossing into Canada and they thought it was a still. They thought we were making liquor. We got set to play a song and they just told us to leave. That seems to get you out of customs quick. Just threaten to play a song. It was like an old 50s office chair with metal wheels. That was the base and then there was an amp on top of those wheels that was connected to the bell of a tuba. You stuck a mike in the bell of the tuba and the vocals would come out of there. Right now I just use amps that basically work."

"At that same show, two girls ripped their shirts off, but this other girl who was sitting on my knee bit me on the neck so bad I had teeth marks for three days."

Bob Log III is indeed big in Japan. He can't really explain his popularity there, except he says, "I guess there are a lot of bands going around playing guitar and complaining about shit. I'm not in that band. I'm promoting guitar-playing, ass-shaking and smiling." As for the impression that blues tunes are sad? "The songs I play, like a lot of the old blues songs, I mean, you listen to 'Preachin' the Blues' or a lot of Charlie Patton–they are songs you play to make yourself feel better, in any way you can. There are sad songs too, but you think about when Robert Johnson was playing, in whatever bar he was playing in, wherever the hell he was. I don't think it was a bunch of people sitting around being sad. I think it was people getting on tables and knocking their drinks over. And, maybe there were a few boobs going in scotches even back then. I think that room was a kick-ass party, when **Robert Johnson** was playing his guitar. That's what I want to do."



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Slug #166

From the Mormon state comes Slug. It's a good example of a local alternative music 'zine, with show reviews and local band features, but has some bigger stuff in there as well (The Damned, Sick of it All, The Vandals), and a little skating and snowbrucing thrown in for good measure. Send a couple bucks to: 2225 S 500 E, Ste 206, Salt Lake City, UT 84106.

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ZINELAND

Highly Collectible: Zineland by Stakerized!

The plethora of music zines out there has had several side effects: most of them are disposable, neither very readable nor even distinguishable from each other, the latest band du jour on the cover and whatever hot-rodded computer font chosen as the logo. **Sound Collector**, however, takes you aback. The cover of the newest issue shows a line of preteen girls strumming guitars, from a feature on Band Camp for Girls. None of them are even glimpsing at the camera, let alone posing. Remember when it seemed like it would be cool to pick up a guitar and play, before any notion of stardom or marketing calculation even crossed your young mind? Sound Collector is a bit of a misfit among misfits in the Zine world, collectibly perfectly bound, yet this issue is printed on rough paper like a grade-school workbook.

There's plenty inside to get schooled on, thanks to founder **Laris Kreslins'** seemingly encyclopedic knowledge of musical esoterica gleaned from working at Insound.com. Instead of the usual overblown egos, the zine features eclectic topics like music package designer Susan Archie, who created box sets for Captain Beefheart and Charley Patton; the "bass liberation" movement evolving as a solo instrument; a history of the band **Slowdive;** a roundtable on "how do you organize your music collection"; a look at the seldom-seen films of rock critic Richard Meltzer; the enlightening cover story; and the (late jazz sax great) **Eric Dolphy** Memorial Barbeque. There's a lot to study here, and with a CD with some of the featured artists, what could be more collectible?

SLUG: How and why did you start Sound Collector?
Laris Kreslins: Basically after college, I was directionless with a history degree that I didn't know what to do with. I wanted some sort of creative outlet besides [the] bands I was playing in at the time. So I decided to jump-start my first love and that was zine publishing. (I had a zine in high school called "D"). The other impetus was the fact that most of the music press I was reading (zines and mass-market magazines) were shite. I felt they were lacking a focus on the creative process of music/sound art. I didn't give a shit about people's personalities or their food/fashion preferences. The Wire, and old copies of other magazines like Forced Exposure, were my only salvation. I also wanted something with an open structure. No maximum word counts, no article type specifications. I would print anything: articles, interviews, diagrams etc. Readability was also key to me. Clean design that didn't interfere with content was a must. We had a very anti-Raygun aesthetic. So that's how it started. We jumped headfirst. Made mistakes, friends and progress through the years.





SLUG: How does the love of doing it "drive you, destroy you and shape you" as you say on the intro page of No. 8? What keeps you from "packing it in and buying a pickup?"
LK: It's really my true love. My passion. It is my life, really. It's hard to rip that away. We are taking a year hiatus though. To restructure. Recuperate and relaunch at the end of 2004 as a quarterly. The rest of the time between I will be focusing on my new magazine, **ARTHUR**, which I started with editor **Jay Babcock** in 2002. Arthur is a nationally distributed avant-pop-culture newsprint magazine with a music section edited by **Byron Coley** and **Thurston Moore**, and an underground comics section edited by **Jordan Crane** and **Sammy Harkham**.

SLUG: How has your work at Insound influenced your zine?
LK: Made lifelong friends and acquaintances there. Really tapped into a special community. At least in the beginning. Now, they're getting back on track, and I hope the community spirit there can grow and support our community in positive ways, but the bottom line is they're a business and that sometimes conflicts with community.

SLUG: Why do an issue with part of its theme "men with beards?"
LK: We've always adhered to absurdity. And after we finished issue No. 8, we realized most of the portraits we were running contained men with beards. It just seemed right to title the issue that.

SLUG: What kind of subject matters interest you to feature in the zine?
LK: Anything that someone pitches that I can tell the author has passion for. I like the underrated, the overrated, the forgotten, the ignored, or any other subject that others might neglect or not see other facets of.

SLUG: What are the reasons for the retro look of the zine, at least this issue of it?
LK: Like I said, the aesthetic has always been readability first. We also try to tweak a typical magazine structure (putting all ads in the back of the book, etc.). Not sure why it looks retro. It's pretty unintentional. In a weird way, we're kind of anti-design. But we wholeheartedly support print media, and get bored, scared, and annoyed with the trend of everything being online.

SLUG: How has Sound Collector changed over 8 issues?
LK: Maybe becoming more conscious of what we're putting out there. Trying to be more professional. But always trying to keep it fun.

SLUG: Who is your dream interview?
LK: Marcel Duchamp.

SLUG: What future plans do you have for Sound Collector?
LK: A hiatus for a year. A regrouping. A relaunch as a quarterly. Sticking to schedules. Stepping it up as much as we possibly can.

SLUG: What purposes do the new zines you are publishing serve?
LK: To fill the gaps left by mainstream media. That's pretty much it in a nutshell.

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GERIATRIC ROCK: ESOTERIC MUSIC FOR NICHE MARKETS

by Walter

"Calendar No. 567, 107th CONGRESS, 2nd Session, S. RES. 316. Designating the year beginning February 1, 2003, as the Year of the Blues in THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES."

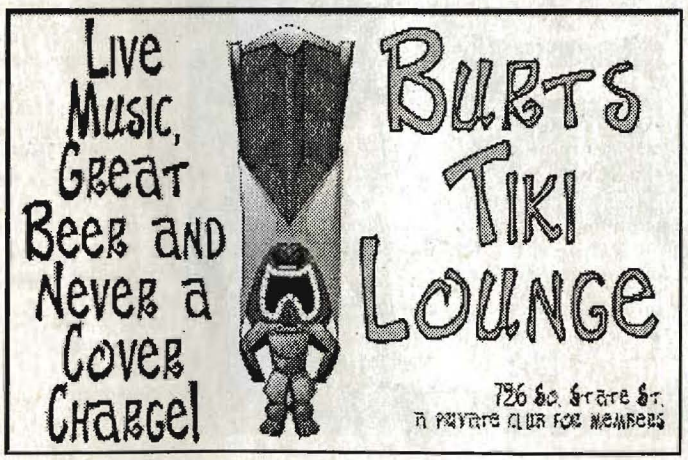
"Designating the year beginning February 1, 2003 as the Year of the Blues. Whereas blues music is the most influential form of American roots music, with its impact heard around the world in rock n' roll, jazz, rhythm and blues, country and even classical music ...Whereas the blues and blues musicians from the United States, whether old or new, male or female, are recognized and revered worldwide as unique and important ambassadors of the United States and its music. Whereas it is important to educate the young people of the United States to understand that the music that they listen to today has its roots and traditions in the blues ... Now, therefore, be it resolved that the Senate: 1. designates the year beginning February 1, 2003 as the Year of the Blues, and 2. requests that the President issue a proclamation calling on the people of the United States to observe the Year of the Blues with appropriate ceremonies, activities, and educational programs."

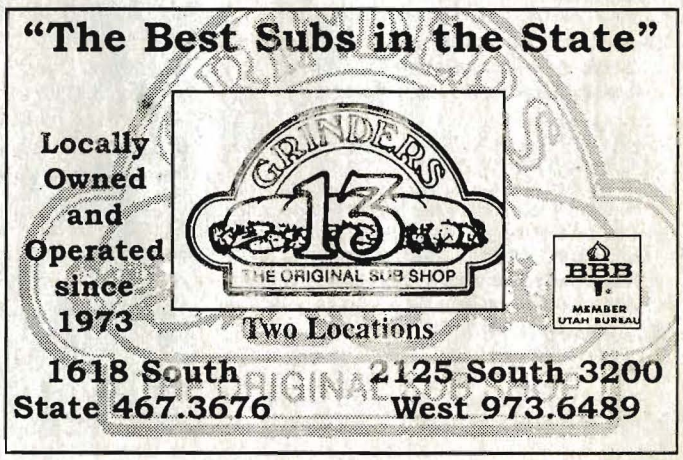
This is an exercise in futility. We have now officially entered the "Year of the Blues." Does anyone care? Will Senator Orrin Hatch embrace the blues and perhaps write a blues tune? I don't think so. What will most likely happen is a bunch of baby boomers will run around feeling all self-important because, after all, baby boomers are the cliché of blues enthusiasts. Another cliché of the blues is blues clubs. Enter a blues club in any American city to find a bunch of balding men sporting gray pony tails. At times the musician on stage is half the age of the clichéd audience. Investigate the blues further and discover the phenomena *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* The soundtrack disc went multiplatinum. The DVD did as well. Both items still reside on the *Billboard* charts. Who bought all those copies? Baby boomers, and yet the "music industry" has failed to capitalize. The "industry" cries and moans and blames a current crisis in declining music sales on the Internet and the youth madly downloading digital copies of every fucking trendy product the "industry" releases. Enter a CD store and you'll find clueless youth, displays of trendy products and a pathetic lack of knowledge about anything beyond the 10 songs corporate radio plays repeatedly, and an in-store soundtrack of the exact same tunes! "Goddamn digital downloading is killing the music industry." Wrong! The music industry is killing the music industry. Apparently, simple facts are beyond the understanding of the marketing geniuses at the big labels. People are buying the only music the "industry" is promoting, which is bad music.

The Land Where the Blues Began is two things. In 1992, a book bearing this title was issued. The book eventually went out of print only to be reprinted in 2002. In 2002, a CD was released to coincide with the book reprint. The book was written by **Alan Lomax** and it describes the author's experiences working in the Mississippi Delta collecting songs. Hopefully, the reader has a basic knowledge of what Alan Lomax and his father John did for American musical history. The two traveled all over the country recording all manner of musicians in a "field" setting. After John's death, Alan carried on and the book of current interest chronicles the 1930s and 40s. Obviously, fans of American history are a primary audience, along with musicologists and folklorists. The clichéd baby-boomer blues fans are another target market. But the dream audience, the audience most in need of an encounter with the book is the youth of today.

Lomax's descriptions of what he saw are sometimes shocking. The treatment of blacks in the South during this time period was appalling, but the treatment was responsible for a wealth of music. The CD issued to coincide with the book is a mere sampling, albeit a long sampling, of the music Lomax discovered. Due to my geriatric status and my interest in esoteric music targeting niche markets, I've spent considerable time with nearly the entire body of Lomax recordings. I have my quibbles with his methods and with some of his choices. One glaring example was his use of a white Appalachian banjo picker as an accompanist for a blues session because he simply could not find an acceptable black musician. Documentation of this incident is sort of hard to come by; the book and CD do not divulge the information. A small complaint indeed, but still something I'd like to see better documented because, as Lomax was certainly aware, blacks and whites collaborated and performed together, even in Mississippi and even during the 30s and 40s. Another criticism of Lomax I've heard expressed more than once surrounds his so-called exploitation of the musicians. If exploitation was ever an issue, the situation is now rectified. *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* opens with "Po Lazarus," a Lomax field recording. The Lomax people assisted in the hunt for **James Carter**, the musician responsible, and when they found him, he was presented with a large royalty check. It was the first he had ever received.

Alan Lomax died this past July. His passing was not as widely publicized as he deserved. Perhaps with the "Year of the Blues" now begun and with his most famous book reprinted and a compilation CD released in conjunction, young Americans will rediscover the part of America he knew and loved so well – the blues.







Bush: making political satirists obsolete since 2000

Until recently, I didn't think anyone liked Bush. All of this changed a few months ago when I spoke to someone who not only didn't think Bush was a moron, but that he was doing *a good job*. I did the usual probes for sarcasm and eventually came away empty-handed. It looked like this was the genuine article:



I was talking to an authentic Bush-lover. For the first time in the 2+ years he was appointed to office, I finally found one of these elusive, almost mythic people.

I was excited, so naturally I had to ask the obvious question: "why did you vote for Bush?" The response: "because I'm a republican."

I suddenly felt a sharp stabbing pain in my frontal lobe; it was the unmistakable feeling you get when you walk away from a 30 minute conversation with a yammering co-worker--the feeling you get when you know that you just got dumber. Because "I'm a republican." What the hell does that mean? So just because you're a republican you're supposed to vote for whichever asshole your party selects as your candidate? Why can't people disassociate themselves from their party? There was a unanimous outcry from everyone when dumb shit Trent Lott gave the thumbs up to Thurmond, why weren't republicans supporting him? If you're going to justify your voting of a moron into office with a blanket statement like "I'm a republican," why not be consistent and stand behind your party all the time?

I'm tired of people defending Bush. He's a moron. Period. What difference does it make if he graduated from Harvard, Yale or MIT for that matter? Just because you graduate from an accredited university doesn't mean that you're suddenly void of giving a bad speech. It doesn't make you impervious to mistakes. I'm tired of people saying "just because he talks slow doesn't mean he's stupid." Bullshit. There's talking slow, then there's just plain ineptitude. It's almost impossible to do a critical analysis of his speech because the man practically satirizes himself. Bush proponents have adopted a kinder word for inept: "Bushism." That's stupid. Why is it a screw up if anyone other than Bush makes a mistake, but a "Bushism" if he does it? When Clinton screwed up, nobody called it a "Clintonism." They called him a dumbass (and if they weren't, I sure as hell was). I mean, talking slow is one thing but to not know the difference between "hostile" and "hostage," or "prosecute" and "persecute" is not a "Bushism," it's extra-strength dumb. Before you email me "BUT MADOX HE DOESN'T WRITE HIS OWN SPEECHES LOL," consider the following quote:

"People make suggestions on what to say all the time. I'll give you an example; I don't read what's handed to me. People say, 'Here, here's your speech, or here's an idea for a speech.' They're changed. Trust me." -George W. Bush in an interview with the New York Times, March 15, 2000.

For some reason I trust him. Okay, so maybe I'm being too hard on the guy. After all, he was appointed as the leader of this country. So here are all the things that Bush has done to impress the hell out of me:

* He hasn't started World War III yet.
* He manages to mutilate the English language only every other speech.
* He cut taxes on dividends, because I'll be damned if those weren't putting me in the poor house.
* He made our civil liberties less cumbersome by taking away all that long-winded drivel about having the right to report on immigration hear ings conducted by the Justice Department, the right to protection against unreasonable search and seizure with McCarthy's, er, Ashcroft's PATRIOT act, and the right to due process for US citizens suspected of being terrorists.
* He withdrew from the Anti-Ballistic Missile treaty. Good I say, global stability was getting to be a pain in the ass.

All sarcasm aside, you could probably infer that I'm not a republican by reading this article. I'm not a democrat either. Don't email me your stupid republican/democrat jokes, I don't care. The next person who says "HEY MADDOX YOU KNOW WHAT GOP STANDS FOR? GRINCHES ON PARADE LOL" gets punched in the face.

No, I'm not a democrat or a republican. I'm just a guy who's tired of the bullshit. Am I the only one who has a problem with the fact that Bush has gone on record saying: "There ought to be limits to freedom"? He publicly said that in reference to a website that criticized him (listen to the clip yourself). What business does this man have serving as president of the United States? I know that there should be limits to freedom like when someone yells "fire" in a crowded theater, but never against political criticism--quit emailing me. Bush is by far the worst president ever appointed by the Supreme Court. It's almost as if the presidents try to outdo each other by being shittier every year. You're being duped.



Note: before you send me hate mail, let me know if you're a monster truck rally fan in the subject line so I can ignore your opinions more conveniently. Thanks.

Bush advocates agree: there ought to be limits to freedom.
maddox@xmission.com

GALLERY STROLL

WITH MARIAH MANN

Looking for something to do with that special someone this month but you don't have any money? No fear, Mariah has a list of galleries that you can stroll through. It's romantic, fun and FREE. Gallery Stroll takes place the third Friday of every month. The local galleries stay open until 9 p.m. Come in from the cold, have some refreshments and heat up your night with some local art!!!!

Art Access, located at 339 West Pierpont Avenue, will be heating up your evening with artist Lance Duffin. The show, titled MODERN LOVE, explores the current trends in how we see love. Television, billboards, shopping malls–these images, whether fantasy or reality, are infused with the overtly sexual, live-for-the-moment youth culture spirit. Lance captures the sexually-charged media and fashion world and asks if this is how we think love is supposed to happen. Does it only happen to supermodels and actors? Are relationships as disposable as we treat them? Have modern images taught you how to love, have sex, dress, or perceive what your body should look like? Commentary will be provided by several local writers. Come check out how affected you have been. The show runs Feb. 14th through March 14th with the Gallery Stroll reception on Feb. 21st from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m.

Finch Lane Gallery is located at 54 Finch Lane, a.k.a., the Art Barn. You drive by it all the time – it's that blue building by the park on 1300 East and 100 South. If you weren't able to catch last month's show with Brad Slaugh and Suzanne Kanatsiz, you're in luck: the show will run until Feb. 21st with its closing reception on Gallery Stroll Evening. My favorite by Mr. Slaugh, "Doug's Ugly Kids," is owned by, Doug! If you don't have a sense of humor when you show up, you will when you leave!

Finch Lane Gallery presents PAINTINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHY, opening Feb. 28th with painter Kathryn Williams and a collaborative exhibit by photographers Jeremy Bringard and Alex Ferguson. Kathryn works primarily in oils and titles for her exhibit FLESH LANDSCAPES. As an artist, her objective is to create a visual response to how the world looks in certain romantic situations.

Bringard and Ferguson demonstrate á similar interest in random haphazard markings by people and a connection with the world. The photographs were not shot with any preconceived idea, so the viewer can come up with his or her own conclusion. Jeremy Bringard uses more traditional photography techniques, yet he views the object in several lights. Presenting the public with a unique look at the view from behind his camera of mundane objects in life. Alex Ferguson has explored many forms of photography. This show is a result of his FOOT TRAVEL PROJECT. The project? To lay down developed, unexposed film on 50 different walkways and see what is left behind in the footprints of Olympic travelers. Along with the photos are excerpts of his journal that he kept throughout the project. The journal includes the placement of the film, beginning time and retrieval, along with how much exposure the piece of film collected. If you walked through the WALK OF SHAME STUDIO during the Olympics, then you are part of this project. Alex Ferguson has been quoted saying: "Art for the people, by the people."

Walk of Shame Studio, located at 351 West Pierpont Avenue, will feature local artists MARK SEELEY and JENNI LORDS. Mark Seeley will be showing his latest abstract paintings while Jenni Lords will be displaying her mixed-media books. Jenni's books are a combination of watercolor, printmaking and collage. This show only runs one night for Gallery Stroll, Feb. 21st from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. Don't miss it!

Phillips Gallery, located at 444 East and 200 South, presents artist RONALD CLAYTON. Ronald Clayton is a thinking artist. Clayton's images derive from architecture, using an interior space juxtaposed against a natural landscape. His paintings always reference a debilitating nature, anything disregarded or destroyed by human 'nature'. All are viewed through the opening of a window or door. These landscapes reveal actual places as they could be or should be. The opening reception will be held Gallery Stroll evening, Feb. 21st from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. and run through March 14th.

Salt Lake Arts Center, located at 20 South West Temple, features CRIS BRUCH in the Main Gallery and Street Level Gallery. Cris Bruch's work consistently escapes definition. It's the everyday items in our life that, once placed together, remind us of all the time we spend with these items. One piece titled "How did we get here?", uses a trash can lid, flocking pigment, text and lights. The text reads "that familiar strangeness." Another piece, titled "Roller Rooster," includes a shopping cart with pans and a hibachi. Cris' interest for this work stems from the simple unconscious repetitive actions which, to one degree or another, define who we are. The opening reception will be held Gallery Stroll Evening, Feb. 21st from 6 p.m. to 9 p.m. The show will continue to run through May 25th.

Also, do not miss CHRISTIAN WERNER'S exhibit at the **Day-Riverside Library,** located at 1575 West 1000 North. It's CALLED TIMEFRAMES AND REFERENCES and it shows from Saturday, Jan. 11th to Friday, March 7th, 2003. The opening reception is Feb. 8th, 2003, from 3:30 p.m. to 5:30 p.m.

As always, this is just a taste of what can be seen on Gallery Stroll Evening and all month in your local galleries. Take the time to SUPPORT LOCAL ART!!!
E-mail me your March art events at mariahm@worldstrides.com.

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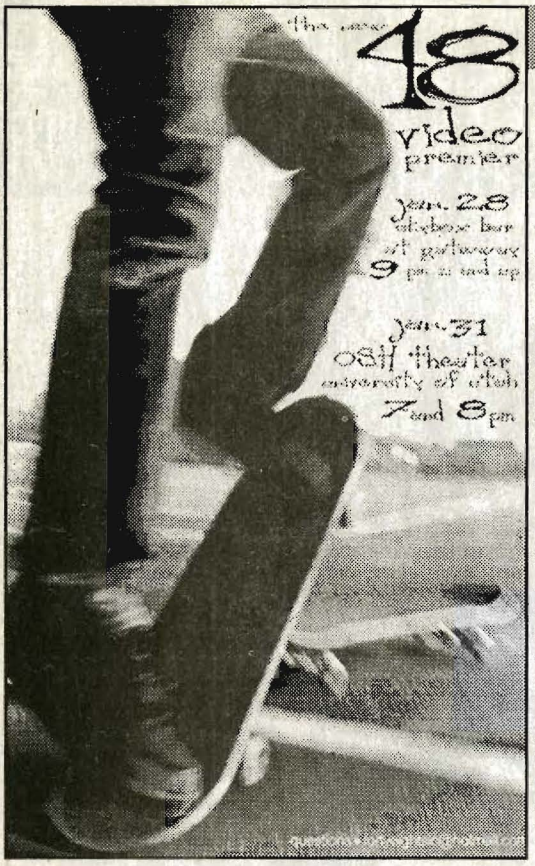
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48 video review

By Leathan Moore

Another volume of archives from the Salt Lake skate scene. Filmed in various locales, as well as SLC, **SubPar** captures the versatile and gifted talents of a large crew in an ever-growing scene.

The video clocks at about a half-hour and features a long list of SLC's guerilla artists and fashionistas in the skateboard medium. The likes of **Shane Justus, Mike Plumb, Andy Pitts, Mike Murdock, Josh Isaacs, Greg Wrotniak, Jared Smith and Jeremy Jones.** This is just a few that stood out the most, although there were many that threw down like they were getting paid. That's dedication.

Mike Murdock opens the video with a part that exhibits his loose and spontaneous style. Shane Justus brings the speed and switch skills with casual and effortless grace. Jared Smith is a pleasure to watch. This kid is an outstanding techgnar skater with a blatant disregard for the handrails' well-being. Greg Wrotniak and Josh Isaacs have the technical skills that would make a lesser man furious with frustration. The years they have invested to make every combination look effortless have been well spent. Andy Pitts goes really fast and has a style that is far from the pits. Jeremy Jones seals the deal with a short but impressive group of clips. If you thought he gave up skating for his "other" job, then you were sorely mistaken. Jeremy mixes it up with true style as he proves himself a master of dual mediums.

Aside from the local power holding it down, Subpar stood out as a video that can rival the national videos such as Transworld in production values. The careful transition from featured part to montage carries the energy into the next piece of mayhem. Most important was the fact that the lens was clean in every shot. Pay attention, kiddies, nothing is more irritating than seeing grubby fingerprints all over the footage. Clean your shit. This makes the difference of whether the skating commands your attention or just weakly attracts it.

Technology has leveled the playing field and the 48 crew members brought the talent to match. Sharp framing and bright exposure gave the video a feeling of warmth and summer fun. Especially right for the times of winter drought, when we all need something to look forward to.

Skateboarding, shit yeah, I love it. It can be a bitch of a mistress, but at least it will let you film it to watch over and over again.





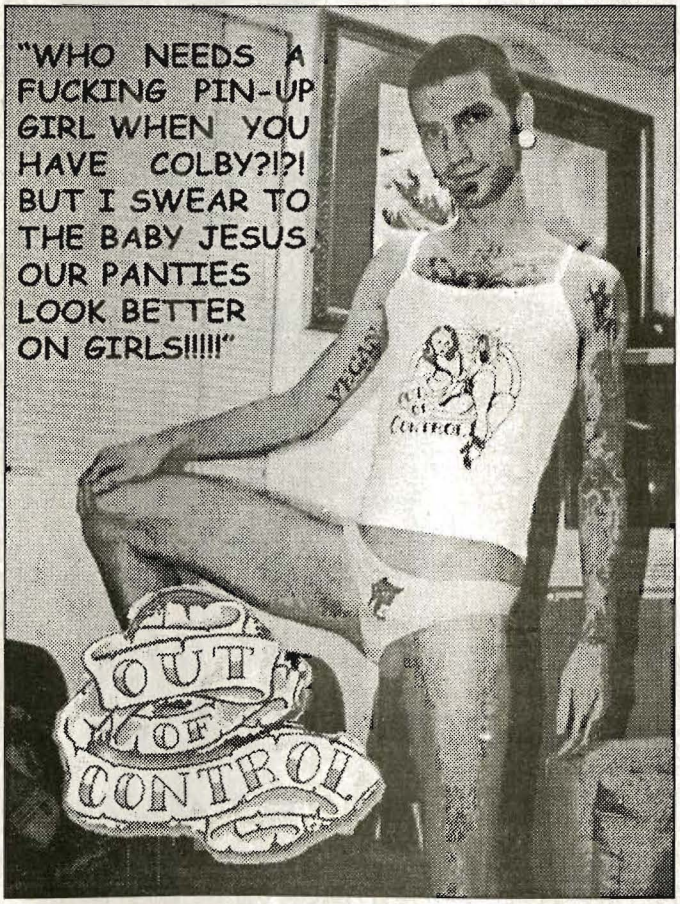
PG PROVING GROUNDS SKATEPARK PG

STEP BY STEP



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"WHO NEEDS A FUCKING PIN-UP GIRL WHEN YOU HAVE COLBY?!?! BUT I SWEAR TO THE BABY JESUS OUR PANTIES LOOK BETTER ON GIRLS!!!!!"



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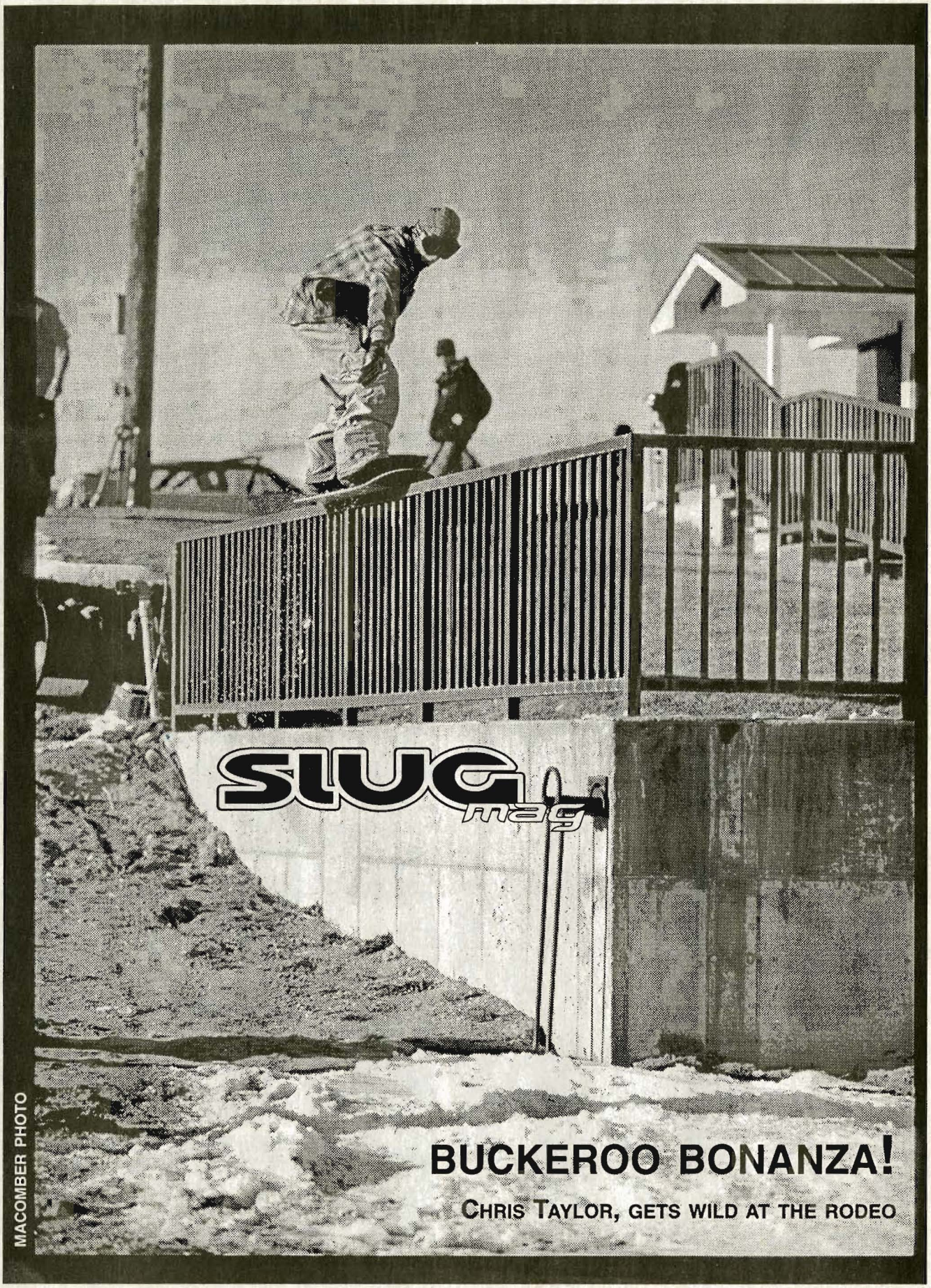
WE WANT IT TO START PUKING!



OPEN LATE! OPEN SUNDAYS
WHAT DO YA NEED?

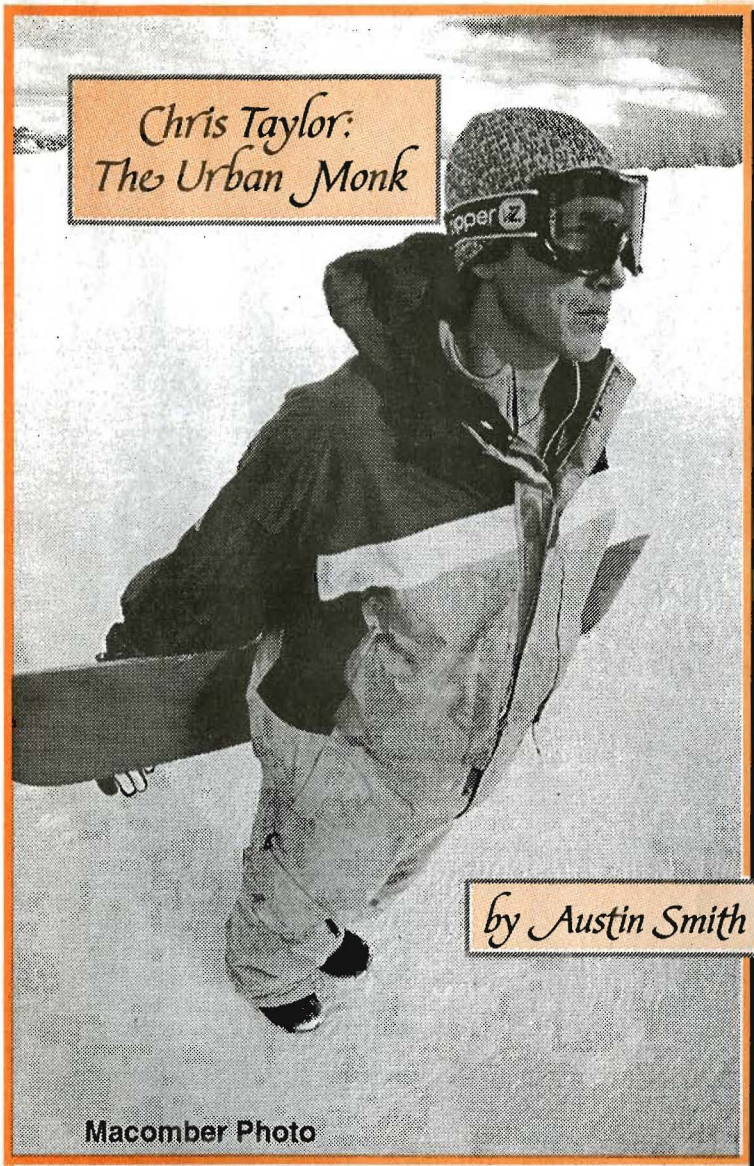
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SLUG mag
BUCKEROO BONANZA!
CHRIS TAYLOR, GETS WILD AT THE RODEO
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Chris Taylor: The Urban Monk

by Austin Smith



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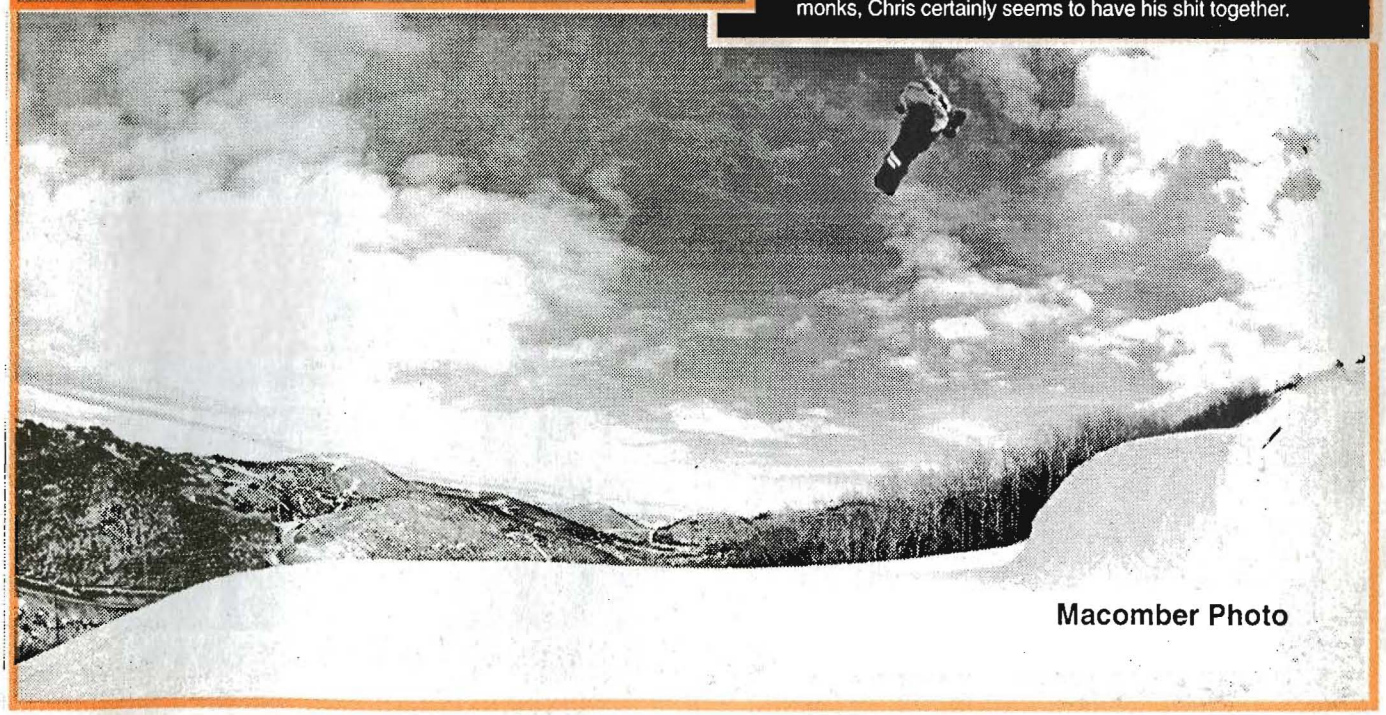
The humble voice on the other end of the line seems like it should belong to a Zen-yoga-level-five-vegan, content with the successful rainforest destruction protest he just finished, not that of a 23-year-old snowboarder living in the land of Zion. **Chris Taylor** is not the stereotypical snowboarder we've all come to know as the beer-guzzling, party-all-night rock star, yet he's not afraid to let loose and close down the bar when the time is right.

Halfway through our conversation, during the part about his belief that Buddhists have their shit together, I figure out that I have in fact met him at a Kung Fu party put on by mutual friends. Chris informs me that that was the fourth Kung Fu class he has attended. He enjoys the physical and mental edification he receives in these classes, the guided meditation and the surrounding people who share similar beliefs. Further into the interview, I realize I've seen this kid ride before too, at the **SLUG Games** Slopestyle contest last year at Brighton, where he took second place overall.

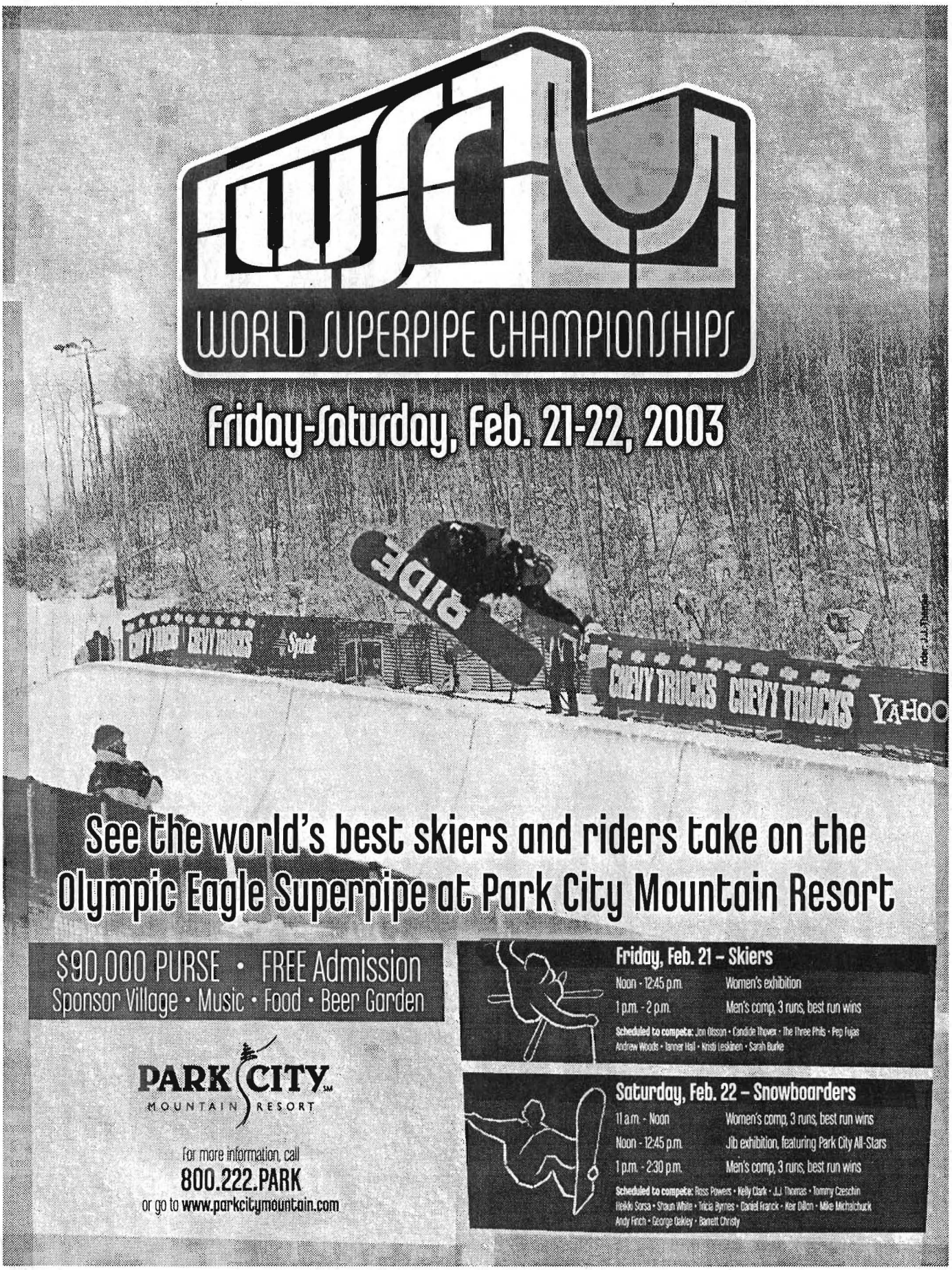
Suddenly, it all makes sense–his quiet, calm demeanor is a direct reflection of his riding style: smooth and effortless. I learn that his motivation is found through the satisfaction of eliminating the differences between what he can imagine himself doing and what he actually does, from stomping a trick to progressing on and off the hill. "I find it artistic," he tells me, "the way your body moves through the air, the motions you go through and that everybody has a style unique to them."

Intrigued by his interest in Buddhism, I decide to probe him for more of his thoughts on the subject. "They have an overall good philosophy for life, that everyone should find what makes them happy and pursue it," he says. I ask Chris about the apparent conflicts between being a pro snowboarder and following the Buddhist way of life. He responds, "Being a pro snowboarder can be pretty damn simple. There's no climbing the corporate ladder through backstabbing and deceit. You just go out to ride and have fun."

In our 20-minute conversation, he captivated me with insightful thoughts everyone should consider, like "I dunno, I think we all catch ourselves sweating the small stuff." And "we snowboard almost every day, there's no reason to be angry." That's what it's all about: riding, having fun and avoiding anger. Just like the enlightened souls of the world known as Buddhist monks, Chris certainly seems to have his shit together.



Macomber Photo


WORLD SUPERPIPE CHAMPIONSHIPS
Friday-Saturday, Feb. 21-22, 2003
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Friday, Feb. 21 – Skiers
Noon - 12:45 p.m. Women's exhibition
1 p.m. - 2 p.m. Men's comp, 3 runs, best run wins
Scheduled to compete: Jon Olsson • Candide Thovex • The Three Phils • Pep Fujas
Andrew Woods • Tanner Hall • Kristi Leskinen • Sarah Burke
Saturday, Feb. 22 – Snowboarders
11 a.m. - Noon Women's comp, 3 runs, best run wins
Noon - 12:45 p.m. Jib exhibition, featuring Park City All-Stars
1 p.m. - 2:30 p.m. Men's comp, 3 runs, best run wins
Scheduled to compete: Ross Powers • Kelly Clark • J.J. Thomas • Tommy Czeschin
Heikki Sorsa • Shaun White • Tricia Byrnes • Daniel Franck • Ken Dillon • Mike Michalchuck
Andy Finch • George Oakley • Barrett Christy

SLUG GAMES ROUND-UP

JUDGES:
NATE ILLARD
TIM OSLER
JAMIE OLSON
MIKE KANG

Woman's OPEN	Name	Age	Score
1st Place:	Mandy Mehler	25	19.5
2nd Place:	Jenna Waite	18	17.5
3rd Place:	Stesha Palmer	18	15
Men's OPEN			
1st Place:	Carson Wooley	24	32
2nd Place:	Devin Elliot	21	31.5
3rd Place:	Jess Sluder	23	29
Women 18+			
1st Place:	Emily Broadwater	18	16.8
2nd Place:	Nannette Morgan	18	15.7
3rd Place:	Julieanne Herger	18	12.1
Men 18+			
1st Place:	Jeff Larsen	20	15.9
2nd Place:	Patrick Madsen	20	13.7
3rd Place:	Justin Cunningham	18	13.6

Woman 17-	Name	Age	Score
1st Place:	Christina Erund	17	11.8
2nd Place	Dawn Horton	16	9
3rd Place:	Ashley Adamson	17	6
Men 17-			
1st Place:	Jake Welsh	15	21
2nd Place:	Sam Harper	16	17
3rd Place:	Cameron Versteog	16	16
SKIERS Men			
1st Place:	Travis Kemp	23	21.5
2nd Place:	Aldo Littig	16	17
3rd Place:	Lane Tucker	20	16.1

RAIL CONTEST: Best trick

Female Winner:	Stesha Palmer	18
Male Winner:	Chris Taylor	23



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F-U-N at B-RIGHT-ON

By Lesthan Moore

"The goal of the Brighton Competition Team is to help develop each athlete's personal character and athletic skills to better their skiing/snowboarding and competition abilities." –Brighton Team Bible

I cannot feel my nose. I am outside the Alpine Rose patiently waiting for **Austin Smith** to arrive. As the shadows take hold of the slopes at Brighton, I decide it is far too cold for my thin body out here. I could use a nip of cheap bourbon right about now. Where is that St. Bernard with the mini-bar around its neck?

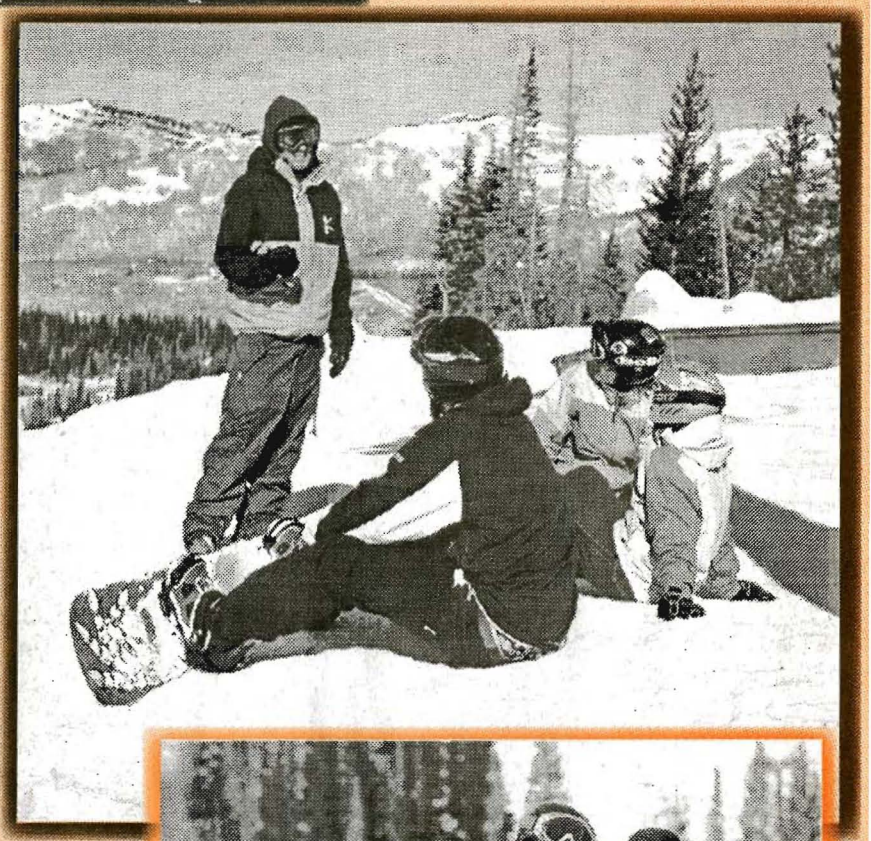
Fortunately, Austin arrives before the bourbon. We are on our way now.

I feel like I am visiting Neverland, and I am regaining some of my wasted youth through osmosis. It reminds me of what I wanted Little League soccer practice to be: fun.

Upon my arrival, it is announced to the Brighton Snowboard Team, that "this guy is writing an article for SLUG Magazine, so if you want to be famous, talk to this guy." I look over and see a grinning coach pointing at me. Thanks for breaking the ice.

I ask some questions and receive more smiling faces than answers. The 13 kids all just want to ride. Their fidgeting is a true indicator that they really do not want to talk right now. I turn to the coaches as my source of information and they are more than helpful.

"There's no real pressure to win. Everyone is here to ride and have fun," explains Austin Smith. "They get to try things in competition that they learned in practice." This sentiment is echoed by his advice he gave to the team previous to the **USASA** slopestyle competition. "Go out there and have fun, don't worry about winning. Just have a good time and relax." Austin, 19, competes on a national level and promotes himself in his snowboarding career. He rides for **Smith Optics** and **Salty Peaks.** He spends his summers working at **Windell's** snowboard camp and training with the **United States Snowboard Team.**



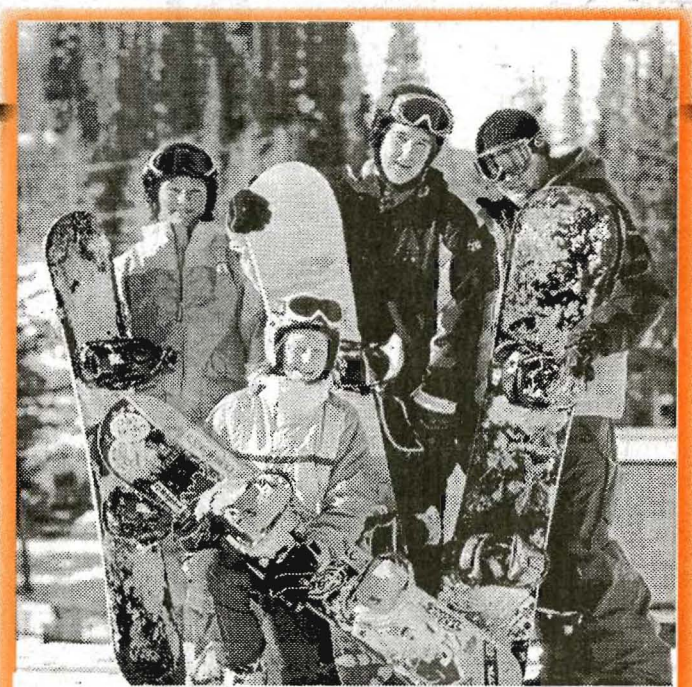
Stephen Duke came to Brighton's team with a couple of years coaching at Mt. Buller, Australia and **The Camp** at Mt. Seymour, Vancouver.

"Working with the kids reminds you of when everything was fresh and there was still a purity to it, you know? Instead of thinking about 1080s, it's more like, 'try a front-side-three.' "

Casually contrasting riding with older friends lays a foundation for the tricks to attempt. "At first, some of them were really reluctant to try anything like a simple board slide; they're all still learning the basics. But with just a week of one-on-one instruction they improve." Steve has good things to say about the team. "I'm super-stoked to be a part of it. We have a really solid program and **Scott Murphy** (Director of Competition teams), backs us 100 percent. He gets the parents involved with the decision-making process as well as supporting the team. We have a really good program and the kids all love being out there."

Stephanie Baird came to Brighton with her husband, **Christian**, to set up the USASA series in Utah. They moved from South Dakota, where Stephanie was the competitor and Christian was the organizer. With a background in gymnastics and competitive snowboarding, she brings a positive mental attitude of "You can do it!" to the hodgepodge of excitement and skill. Aside from reprimanding the occasional poachers from the practice session, she is a delight to be around.

The coaches keep a tight ship with a casual grip on the helm. They all bring practical learning devices, years of riding and competition experience to the table. The team holds them all in high regard. The safety of the team is always the primary concern, yet they never stray from the main focus, which is Fun.



Left to Right Kelly Garr, Ellen Garr, Colin Christiansen & Steve Dukes (Coach)

One such example is **Christian Pair.** At the ripe age of 20, he is currently in his third season of riding. " I was in **B.C.** at South Towne, when I saw a poster of Austin blasting a huge air in the halfpipe. So I called the number and joined the team." Christian readily admits, "Before joining the team I was not very confident in my riding skills. But I learned board slides in the past few weeks, thanks to the coaches, who are really encouraging. I entered my first comps, the USASA and **Utah Winter Games,** this past weekend (Jan.11-12) and placed third for my division in both comps." The excited pace of his voice overwhelms my broken shorthand script, as I struggle to get this all down. Christian reiterates my observations , "The kids are always encouraging each other to do better, to get better. And it makes it a lot of fun." Christian plans to join the team next year because "you can always get better."

Spending just a few hours around the kids, I understand. I understand why t hey love this so much, why they will sacrifice their summer days for this. I hear the cheers from teammates during their competition runs. I see the smiles on their faces during the awards ceremony. I watch as they all hang out together at lunch, joking around, stealing fries and brownies. It all makes so much sense. These kids are friends and they get to ride together, learn together, fall together and travel together. These are all the reasons I got hooked on this silly sport. I look back on my own experiences and I smile.

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Aunt Mimi's Records

The Brilliant Mistakes – Mase – Dumb Luck

The new album, *Dumb Luck*, has everything from Ben Folds-like piano to a modernized Elvis Costello/Squeeze atmosphere. The band, from the steamy streets of New York City, sticks closely to their shared love of classic Motown pop and antique English rock. Everything on the album is terrific: the smooth twinkle of the ivories, the flexing guitar riffs and bitter, lost-love lyrics we have all come to revere, and even sing along to. A band this cool is not a mistake; it is a welcome sight in a world filled with useless noise.

Tigerbeat6

Cex – Uncle Shame – Tall, Dark and Handcuffed

OK, first off, the dude wants you to know that this was recorded in his grandma's closet. Then he wants you to believe that what the world needs now is another poo-butt cracker rapper. Then he goes and calls himself 'Cex' (pronounced: sex) and still wants to be taken seriously. I'll admit there are some pretty fresh beats and sick scratching here, even delving into the realm of techno-industrial shit at times. This Morrissey look-alike is spitting plain pure wackiness that is good for a laugh or two but plays itself out rather quickly. Hey, did I fail to say that it features Shudder to Think's Craig Wedron doing vox on 5 cuts? Oh, by the way, he's been dyin' tryin.' You just keep on dying, baby.

Victory Records

Count the Stars – Mase – Never Be Taken Alive

How is it this band is eight years old and we are just now reaping the benefits? Perhaps it has to do with the fact that its leading members were a mere 12 years old at the time of its birth. There is nothing that screams dedication more than devoting yourself to making tunes when others your age are having a hard time devoting themselves to what cereal to eat. Eight years has given Count the Stars the time to perfect their power-pop sound, and the new full-length, *Never Be Taken Alive*, shows the young foursome's maturity. With influences like The Smiths and Jimmy Eat World, and having already graced the stage with the likes of Sugarcult, Thursday, Midtown and Dashboard Confessional, this energetic rock show was well worth the wait.

Rock And Fucking Roll Records

Damnation – Uncle Shame – The Unholy Sounds of...

This self-financed CD is the eleventh offering by these ghouls from hell. Featuring 11 new songs clocking in at exactly 19 minutes, this could easily be a candidate for the "Biggest Waste of Plastic" award. However, the roughnecks of Damnation have become such evil masters of their contagious, pop-stained brew of snotty punk rock they leave you panting on the floor begging for more. The lyrics roll with an unholy stealth through such esoteric themes as satanic priests, garbage trucks from hell, domination, vampires and puppies in formaldehyde. Shaun Kama is smart without being preachy, spooky without devolving into hokiness and can actually sing without sounding like a whiny nasal-boy.

Tooth And Nail

Further Seems Forever – Mase – How to Start a Fire

I'll be the first to admit that when it comes to Further Seems Forever, I was biased toward the original Chris Carrabba-fronted quartet. That is, until I put *How to Start a Fire* in my player and discovered track eight, "Insincerity as an Art Form." This is a "holy shit" CD. The kind you sit alone with in a dark room fighting back tears and goose bumps, lost in sheer bewilderment of its complexities. Further Seems Forever is one of those bands that float around in the shadows of other bands while never really breaking the thin film that separates good bands from great ones. Well, this CD will break down walls. Keeping its roots firmly planted in The Moon is Down tradition, the somewhat hardcore group joins new lung-launcher Jason Gleason and doubles the band's accountability. Holy shit.

Record Collection

Har Mar Superstar – Stakerized! – You Can Feel Me

From the same 80s Casio-driven time warp as Atom & His Package comes the musical chameleon Har Mar Superstar. Song titles like "One Dirty Minute," "Love Jam No. 1" and the title track tell you all you need to know about this musical booty call. Like his 70s singer-songwriter alter ego Sean Na Na, it's all so good spirited that it's infectiously fun. The combination of goofy sensuality and retro technology are perfectly fused with lines like "deeper, deeper, I can feel your beeper." Visually, he resembles a breakdancing Jack Black, and you aren't quite "feeling him" without the live experience. But listen close and you can tell that he's actually quite an inventive songwriter, having penned songs for J-Lo and Kelly Osbourne

Go Kart Records

Icons of Filth – Uncle Shame – Nostradamnedus

The Icons have been doing this shit since 1983 and the remarkable thing is that, even after 20 years, they haven't changed a bit. No better, no worse. This gem highlights the straightforward hardcore of the 80s, when it was vogue to not give a fat fuck (read: no commercial value whatsoever).These sods approach their predominantly anti-American rhetoric with pounding distortion, crusty beats, vocals that are at times hard to bear and a humor that borders on campy. Brits think they're so funny and these guys seem bent on a mission to put the 'pun' back in punk. They make some good points, even asking the corker of all questions: "Custodians of the unique–are you meek?" If you answered in the affirmative, then you'd best watch your ass or you're liable to find it nailed like a flag to the mast of the good ship "Sinking Fast."

Innerhythmic

Laswell/Kondo/Bernocchi/Drake/Dieng/DJ Disk – I-Russ – Charged Live

This is the second (but the first live) album from Bill Laswell's supergroup of electro/acoustic master musicians from around the globe. Toshinori Kondo, Hamid Drake, Eraldo Bernocchi, Aiyb Dieng and DJ Disk are taking live instrumental music to the next level on these recordings from their 1999 - 2001 tour dates in Japan, Germany and Holland. Every player keeps things interesting with improvisation. Gorgeous atmospheres are met with live breakbeats, scratching, soundscapes and jazz-like group interaction. Kondo's affected trumpet-work over the top is second to none (pushing Miles' 70's sound). This would be a stunning live show and these live recordings are the next best thing to being there.

Domino Records

The Notwist – Stakerized! – Neon Golden

This Munich quartet has evolved from hardcore through electronic underpinnings and Sonic Youth-like noise to their newest release, a remarkably subdued yet self-assured mixture of orchestral synths, intricate percussion, not-too-poppy melodies and poetic lyrics. "Prepare your shoes not to come back too soon," Markus Acher sings on the appropriately titled "One Step Inside Doesn't Mean You Understand." Indeed, it does take a while to sink in. This is a musical sojourn that will leave its footprints deep in your psyche.

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"The rock band "The Dirty Birds" sounded pretty cool until they started singing a song about smoking, drinking and (I can't believe this one) masturbating."
-Jeff Pond

Dirty Birds. Quite honestly this was NOT my ideal sound. The music swayed everywhere from rockabilly, to country, to rock.
-Jules Mower

A Dirty Birds Valentines Party
Feb 14th Thinglesing 3010 west 400 south #6 enter from Redwood Road
Feb 21st Todds. 1051 S 300 W a private club for members
March 1st Hog wallow 3200 E Big Cottonwood Canyon Rd

Dirty Birds

Fearless Records

Plain White T's — Stop
–Carly Fullmer

This debut from one of Fearless' most promising acts packs a punch. The T's capitalize on the newer, sunnier sound of Jimmy Eat World and create songs that are exactly what the mainstream is in the market for right now: pretty, solid vocals accompanied by punky power chords.Track 2, "Please Don't Do This," has enough speed to make up for the slower, dragging tracks in the middle, but at the core, the vocals are a little too sweet and the lyrics rhyme a little too much. But, I have to say that when it comes to technique, the vocals are right on key and executed beautifully, and Plain White T's do what they do extremely well. Word on the street is that the live show is incredible, too. It's worth a listen if you subscribe to the more mainstream side of the genre.

Asian Man Records

Dan Potthas– — Sweets and Meats
–Carly Fullmer

The title kind of makes me sick. The cover art is extremely unappealing. The song titles are oftentimes the first lines of each song. But when you get down to the music, this unattractive album is quite the frog prince. Dan is best known for his work with the ska-rock stylings of MU330, but is, as a solo artist, stripped to acoustic guitar, organ and drums on this album. Think Dan Bern's vocals with Weezer-like simplicity. Think Dashboard Confessional but with less whining and more pep. With songs about breakups, the Pope visiting St. Louis and taking over the world by being in a band, Dan writes songs for everyone. *Sweets and Meats* is a keeper from track one to track 15. Don't judge an album by its cover.

Arena Rock

The Sheila Divine — Secret Society
–Stakerized!

Sheila Divine guitarist/vocalist Aaron Perrino & drummer Shawn Sears met in a music theory class at Oneonta State University in New York, and this disc comes off at first as sounding a bit too studied. For a moment, I wanted to ask if they had been to freakin' Berklee! But, as the music builds in intensity, the studiousness and detail of this classic-alternative rock-sounding band amounts to a kind of majesty. Like labelmates Superdrag, they are heavy without being (too) pompous. "We All Have Problems" is their "Everybody Hurts" without Michael Stipe's sanctimoniousness. Instead, Perrino sounds like he really is a "nervous wreck" as the wall of sound the band creates threatens to engulf him.

Quarterstick

The Shipping News — Three-Four
–Stakerized!

Three-Four is a fascinating collection of three EPs by RMSN, as the Shipping News like to be called. Band members Kyle Crabtree, Jeff Mueller and Jason Noble each recorded at least one solo song, playing all instruments. Apparently, they are all so attuned that instead of schizophrenia, it's difficult to tell the tracks apart. Drums and vocals evoke suitable angst, guitars distort, all kinda emo, but nothing ever erupts. It's the unbroken tension here that is almost hypnotizing, but also at times maddening. RMSN is probably the only band whose members met performing music for a program on NPR ("This American Life"). That doesn't mean you're a geek if you like them, but it does induce the uneasy feeling that something you might like is actually good for you.

Anticon

Sole — Selling Live Water
–J-Russ

Following up his underground classic "Bottle of Humans" with a unique mix of influences, this album lies outside the context of most hip-hop, in the sense that creative freedom isn't compromised for money. Anticon is an independent hip-hop label that operates with independent ethics and has broken the rules of what hip-hop is "supposed" to sound like. Sole's rapid-fire raps demand your attention and are worth the concentration–the lyrics are worth the wait. The music, produced by his Anticon labelmates, is designed with the right balance of mood and abstraction. Definitely not geared for the dance floor, this is a stoned emo/rap/rock odyssey better suited to the living room than the club. Perfect fuel for weeded contemplation

Columbia Records

Stereomud — Every Given Moment
–Madam Murder

Stereomud are construction rock; those people who wear Oakley blades, neon tank tops, drive a truck sporting a No Fear sticker, and can be seen hosting tailgate parties at drag races. If this is the definition of you, chances are you are already blasting this on your drive home to Magna. Their songs are close facsimiles to Saliva, Disturbed and Staind. These tunes immediately get stuck in your head and you are embarrassed to catch yourself humming the tune in your head. Stereomud is radio-ready, white trash, and unnecessary musical nonsense.

CoolHunter Records

Stiffed — Sex Sells EP
–Uncle Shame

Stiffed's sassy singer began her career as an A&R rep for Sony. She decided to stop doing others' dirty work and start doing it for herself instead. The result is saucy pop rock with a decidedly 80s feel that, as stupid as it sounds, is actually an infectious breath of fresh air in this waning age of pseudo-punk. Santi's vocal stylings bear more than a passing resemblance to Gwen Stefani, sans all the cutesy pouting. The man behind the drums is none other than Chuck Treece from Bad Brains, who is also responsible for the production. "Yes" is a rocking standout and "Stay" is a lilting space ballad that grabs you by the boo-boo.

Burning Heart

Turbonegro — Ass Cobra (Reissue)
–Jeremy Cardenas

Norwegian Deathpunk is coming! Norwegian Deathpunk is coming! For those of you who may be uninformed, and those about to rock, let me reintroduce you to the myth, the darkness, the legendary TURBO FUCKING NEGRO! Burning Heart's reissue of 1997's *Ass Cobra* and 1998's *Apocalypse Dudes* could possibly be the best thing to happen to punk rock in this new millenium. *Ass Cobra's* Pet Sounds cover (a tribute to the 25th anniversary of the album) is quickly marred by the Tom of Finland inset picture and the "centerfold" of singer Hank von Helvete draped in python (and nothing else). The album contains such Deathpunk hits as "I Got Erection" and "Denim Demons," but it seems that a remixing or remastering process has made the lyrics clearer and the rock louder, fuck me, I didn't think it could get better. I'll tell you what, the song "Sailor Man" would scare even the most hardcore of the spanking Club Blue set straight, and Midnight NAMBLA is so fucked up that I can't even talk to you about it without having to wash my mind out with soap. The driving bass, screaming vocals and subject matter might cause you to do something terrible to your pets or parents, so be careful with this one.

CD Reviews

Turbonegro — **Apocalypse Dudes (Reissue)**
–Jeremy Cardenas
Burning Heart

Criminally underrated and overlooked by the mainstream's critical eye, *Apocalypse Dudes* rates in the top 3 albums of all time for me and my dirty little cronies. Yes, it is as good as any AC/DC, Black Sabbath, Queen or whatever you may have. The only thing that held it back was that people weren't ready for it well, we're ready, yes ready, and the darkness has returned to set us free. The addition of Euroboys uber-glam soloing and some serious songwriting by some seriously talented people made for one of the most influential, talked about and emulated album of the 90s. I'm talking greatness here, folks, not just good, but great. This album will change the way you listen to rock music, no bullshit. *Apocalypse Dudes* has something for anyone who listens to it, especially if you're into over-the-top tongue-in-cheek homosexual humor, which TBNGR has in abundance. The Denim Demons from Norway bring you anything and everything you could want with this album. Youíll laugh, you'll cry, you'll wish for more (and you'll get it with *Scandinavian Leather*, due for release in April 2003) and you will become one of the Turbojugend (Turbopeople), I guarantee it. This self-proclaimed "New Ramones" will put you on your ass and then light the rocket stuck in it. Don't say motherfucker, motherfucker, just get this album before the band's drug-and-mental-illness-laden persona takes them back to the cold Norwegian winter.

Two Thirty Eight — **You Should Be Living**
–Carly Fullmer
Tooth and Nail

"I don't get paid to sing what everyone else is thinking," says Two Thirty Eight's vocalist Chris Staples in the folk-splashed "The Sticks Are Woven in the Spokes." Chances are, he doesn't get paid anyway. But, after listening to this album, I would say that he and the rest of his crew deserve to get paid for playing the kind of music everyone should be thinking. The first half of the album is astoundingly beautiful and haunting for being so darkly upbeat. The last few songs wane into a soft conclusion, but they aren't disappointing, only satisfying. Minor chords, distortion and jazz/blues-infused bass lines and rhythms are what make Two Thirty Eight an absolutely captivating group of musicians ... and the black and prickling lyrics don't hurt, either. You can just tell that some people were born to write and play music. I haven't been this impressed in a while.

Unwritten Law — **Music In High Places**
–Mase
Earth Escapes

To keep cool last summer, Unwritten Law grabbed their friends at MTV, saddled up Tall Pony Productions and rode north to Yellowstone National park where they filmed the first ever "Music in High Places." The premise behind the new show is to take a rock band, one that is predominantly plugged in most of the time, unplug them, and play in remote, "high places." I got a chance to catch the show; it was a good way to spend an hour. Imagine my surprise when I was handed the CD cut from the audio of the program. The problem is that if, unlike me, you did not get to appreciate the show, appreciating the CD is somewhat difficult. Because of UL's failure to tweak their set for an acoustic performance (i.e., same guitar, same vocals as the plugged-in versions) the CD ends up sounding like a bad bootleg.

Various Artistes — **Chainstore Massacre**
–J-Russ
On-U Sound

This is the latest compilation showcasing the current sounds from the legendary UK dub label On-U Sound. This label has been home to many of the finest bands in dub history (Creation Rebel, African Head Charge, New Age Steppers, etc.) and, for over 20 years now, has been a meeting ground for artists interested in breaking down the rawest of electro-dub, radical roots and sci-fi dancehall-soul music for mystics. Every song is a killer and my personal favorites are Sinead O'Connor's heavenly "My Love I Bring," Salmonella Dub's "Push on Thru" and On-U Sound label founder/master mixer Adrian Sherwood's contribution, "Xplanation." This is an excellent presentation of modern sound system culture.

Various Artists — **Go Kart vs. the Corporate Giant**
–Uncle Shame
Go Kart Records

A spinner of bona fide hardcore and emo staples from one of the mightiest indies around today. I like comps because I don't have to change the discs. Another cool thing about comps is when they make a special effort to make it extra-special by including "unreleased" tracks. Fourteen out of 30 here are tracks not to be found anywhere else by the likes of Daycare Swindlers, Guff, Pseudo Heroes, Icons of Filth and more. Standout cuts abound and include The Control, Toxic Narcotic, I Farm, Manda & the Marbles, GBH, The Varukers, Sick On the Bus and the Lunachicks. Whether you like it hard and fast or soft and gushy, this is guaranteed to make you want to smack your bishop!

The Wake Ups — **Wanna Meet The Wake Ups?**
–Mase
Laughing Outlaw Records

We love Australia: Mel Gibson, Heath Ledger, boomerangs and now The Wake Ups. These talented dudes have been tooling around for quite some time, playing small shows at home and scattered over Europe. It is just recently with the release of a full-length that they made the hop across the ocean to try their luck with stingy American critics like myself. It is the Russian judges you have to be wary of; as for me, I give them a 9.3. The mature, melodic indie tinge is extolled by lead vocals that carry a quiet, vulnerable nervousness on the brink of cracking. It is high, it is edgy, and it works. Sorry Australia, we're keeping this one.

Watsonville Patio — **Faster Please EP**
–Stakerized!
Tequemo Chophouse Records

This Portland, Oregon combo has moved from its initial position on the country side of the alt-country rock spectrum to the point on this EP where it's almost all rock. Vocalist Janice Grube retains the slightest hint of a drawl against this gloriously fuzzed-out power pop. Country ballad "Distance" does recall their earlier work. "I don't wanna be your girlfriend," she croons on "Girlfriend," and you get the feeling you just might like what she has in mind.

Voivod — **Voivod**
–Jeremy Cardenas

Now here's a band that we should see in all their prog-rock glory, but might not: Voivod. The once powerful dissonant sound of Nothingface has evolved into the more straightforward (but oddly tuned) balls-out metal in this release. The lyrical content was the only thing lacking to me in my initial listening, but after finding out that singer Snake is translating from French to appease us regular folk, I understood. Canadian rock is usually underrated and even ignored in the States, but this is one album that I would recommend that you should give a chance. Vive la Canadian Metal!

Daily Calendar

Submissions for SLUG Calendar are due by the 1st of the month. Fax to 487-1359 or email dickheads@slugmag.com

Wednesday, February 5
Living Daylytes- *Dead Goat*
Cowboy Mouth/Maroon 5- *Zephyr Club*
Solid Gold- *Port O' Call*
Ready Steady Go!- *Urban Lounge*
Utopia- *Burt's*
Rapid Transit- *Monk's*

Thursday, February 6
Grand Opening Downtown Library
Common Bond- *Dead Goat*
Irish Kings- *Hog Wallow*
Claudia Acuna- *Kingsbury Hall*
Erosion- *Burt's*
Vaires, Sally Roots- *Urban Lounge*
Ridge Runners- *Monk's*

Friday, February 7
Matt Flinner Band- *Dead Goat*
Purdy Mouth- *Hog Wallow*
New Monsoon- *Beatniks*
ColdPlay- *SaltAir*
StrangeFolk- *Harry O's*
Coco Montoya- *The Zephyr*
Ron SexSmith- *SaltAir*
Le Force, Compound Fraxture, 12 Mistakes- *Burt's*
Powerhouse, After the Tragedy, Political Pushover- *The Junction*
Todd's 3rd Anniversary Party w/The Rodeo Boys & live DJ- *Todd's*
Love Misery, Alchemy, Middle Distance- *Urban Lounge*
Doug Wright Trio- *Monk's*

Saturday, February 8
Gruff Trio- *Orbit Café*
Shred Bettie- *Kamikaze's (Ogden)*
Carolyn Wonderland and the Imperial Monkeys- *Dead Goat*
13th Ave. Band- *Hog Wallow*
Yogi- *Beatniks*
Coheed, Cambria, Onelinedrawing, Hopesfall- *X-Scape basement*
Ben Kweller- *X-Scape*
Coco Montoya- *The Zephyr*
Dishwalla- *Gallivan Center*
Gluey Borthers- *Port O' Call*
New Transit Direction, Form of Rocket- *Burt's*
Pagan Dead, Ridge Runners- *Todd's*
DJ Fingaz- *Club Suede*
Quadraphonic- *Urban Lounge*
Marine Products' Boat Show- *Club Splash*

Sunday, February 9
Clumsy Lovers- *Zephyr Club*
Moe- *Harry O's*
Maladjusted- *The Zephyr*
BreakBeat- *Urban Lounge*
HighBall Train- *Burt's*
Richard Walker, Terrell- *Todd's*
Luv Nugget- *Monk's*

Monday, February 10
Lary McCray Band- *Dead Goat*
Toad The Wet Sprocket, Bleu, AlicePeacock- *Brick's*
Derek Trucks Band- *Zephyr Club*

Tuesday, February 11
Larry McCray- *Beatniks*
Zine Collection Grand Opening- *Downtown Library*
David Gray- *Kingsbury Hall*
Flash Cabbage- *The Zephyr*
Joseph Death- *Burt's*
The Good Life, Mayday, Redd Tape- *Kilby Court*
Le Force, Onida, Smashy Smashy- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, February 12
Flash Cabbage- *Dead Goat*
Vynil- *Zephyr Club*
Ready Steady Go!- *Urban Lounge*
"Bachelorette Ball"- *Club Splash*
Steve Lyman Trio- *Monk's*

Thursday, February 13
Happy Birthday to our SLUG Queen (Jennifer Kerosene Heaters)- *Club Splash*
Trever Price Band- *Hog Wallow*
The Reverend Horton Heat, Unknown Hinson- *X-Scape*
Louis Osbourne- *Axis*
Park- *New Junction*
Young Heart Attack, Acroma- *The Zephyr*
Faultline- *Burt's*
Heartbroken: Valentine's Day Eve w/ DJ KellyA, DJ oneamyseven, DJ Delilah, DJ Drown- *Club Sanctuary*
Compound Fraxure, Le Force- *Urban Lounge*
Suek- *Monk's*

Friday, February 14
John Flanders & Double Helix- *Dead Goat*
The Ides of Soul- *Hog Wallow*
The Kap Bros- *Beatniks*
Spearhead/Michael Franti- *Harry O's*
The Bangs- *X-Scape*
Ritmo Caliente- *The Zephyr*
Die Monster Die, Thunderfist- *Burt's*
Valentine Party w/Love Misery- *Todd's*
Black Tie Valentine's Day Library Gala- *Ken Sanders Rare Books*
Angels&Devils Theme Party- *Club Splash*
Daniel Day Trio- *Monk's*

Saturday, February 15
Gruff Trio- *Orbit Café*
Cab Ride- *Dead Goat*
The Roosters- *Hog Wallow*
Flatline Syndicate- *Two Kats Tats (State St.)*
Mother Hips- *The Zephyr*
L.A. Shakedown- *L.A., Feb. 15-16*
Bent- *Todd's*
Max Glazer- *Club Suede*
Rick Bass, Charles Bowden, Scott Carrier, Gary Snyder- *Ken Sanders Rare Books*
Money $hot- *Urban Lounge*

Sunday, February 16
Rainer Maria, Mates of States- *X-Scape*
Mother Hips- *The Zephyr*
Jaw Sunday, Violet Run- *Todd's*
John Dunning reading- *Ken Sanders Rare Books*
Breakbeat Summit- *Urban Lounge*
Bronte Aoustic- *Monk's*
Alvin Youngblood Hart- *Egyptian Theater*

Monday, February 17
Jim Suhler Band- *Dead Goat*
Fatal Blow, The Dregs, The Butthawks- *UpRok*
The Roots- *Harry O's*
Subdefuge- *The Zephyr*

Tuesday, February 18
David Gans- *Dead Goat*
Jim Schuler- *Beatniks*
The Rise- *X-Scape*
Erosion- *The Zephyr*
The Album, Hello Amsterdam- *Urban Lounge*
Matt Lewis- *Monk's*

Wednesday, February 19
Jerry Garcia Band- *Dead Goat*
Mofro, Haze Malaze- *Zephyr Club*
Del McCoury Band- *Kingsbury Hall*
Ready Steady Go!- *Urban Lounge*
Oxido- *Burt's*
Carissa's Weird, The Prom, The Downers- *Kilby Court*
Rodeo Boys, Candy Snatchers- *Monk's*

Thursday, February 20
Jerry Garcia Band- *Dead Goat*
Tim Wray- *Hog Wallow*
BeauSoleil avec Michael Doucet- *Kingsbury Hall*
The Pharcyde- *Suede*
PH Balance- *Lazy Moon*
Baby Anne- *Axis*
Gerald Music, The Kingdom- *The Zephyr*
Ioda, Nurse Sherri- *Burt's*
SLAJO- *Urban Lounge*
Suspended Groove- *Monk's*

Friday, February 21
Zion Tribe- *Dead Goat*
Fat Paw- *Hog Wallow*
JW. Blackout- *Beatniks*
Dirty Birds w/live DJ- *Todd's*
Hammergun, Red Bennies- *Urban Lounge*
Little Devils' Model Search Semi-finals- *Club Splash*
Hello Amsterdam- *Monk's*

Saturday, February 22
Gruff Trio- *Orbit Café*
Nova Paradiso- *Dead Goat*
The Street- *Hog Wallow*
Twinge, Flatline Syndicate, K1-2B- *The Ritz*
Cosm- *The Zephyr*
Rodeo Boys- *Burt's*
Die Monster Die, Awaiting Treatment- *Todd's*
Vinny & Kingsley- *Club Suede*

Sunday, February 23
Finch, The Movielife, Sense Fall, A Static Lullaby- *X-Scape*
Dark Arts 2003 Fundraiser- *Club Sanctuary*
Nurse Sherri, Iota, Poison Candy- *Todd's*
Jah Sundays- *Urban Lounge*
Trojan Mullets- *Monk's*

Monday, February 24
James Solberg- *Dead Goat*
Super So Far- *The Zephyr*

Tuesday, February 25
Joe McQueen- *Beatniks*
The Wailers- *Harry O's*
Choke, Starting Back- *UpRok*
Love Misery, Hudson River School, Optimus Prime- *Urban Lounge*

Wednesday, February 26
Rockin' Jake- *Dead Goat*
Smiling Assassins- *Harry O's*
Wishbone Ash- *Zephyr Club*
Ready Steady Go!- *Urban Lounge*
Lone-Nugget- *Burt's*

Thursday, February 27
Nobody Knows- *Dead Goat*
Glick- *Hog Wallow*
YoungDubliners- *The Zephyr*
The Preacher and the Parasite- *Burt's*
Starmy, Alchemy, Rodeo Boys- *Urban Lounge*
Fetish Night - *Sanctuary*
Trevor Price Band- *Monk's*

Friday, February 28
General Rude- *Dead Goat*
B.C. Grooves- *Hog Wallow*
Big Head Todd & The Monsters- *Harry O's*
Mix Mob- *Liquid Joe's*
YoungDubliners- *The Zephyr*
Further Seems Forever, The Beautiful Mistakes, Elliott, Open Hand- *X-Scape*
Gerald Music w/live DJ- *Todd's*
Little Devils' Model Search Finals- *Club Splash*
2+1 Trio- *Monk's*

Saturday, March 1
SLUG Mag's 14th Anniversary Party: Iodina, Anima Nera, The Corleones, Stiletto- *Club X-Scape*
SnoCore (Sparta, GlassJaw, Hot Water Music, Dredg)- *Brick's*
Gruff Trio- *Orbit Café*
New Transit Direction- *Beatniks*
Pere Ubu- *The Zephyr*
K1-2B- *The Element*
Love Misery w/DJ Nick James- *Todd's*

Sunday, March 2
Love Nugget- *Todd's*

Monday, March 3
Mem Shannon & The Membership- *Dead Goat Saloon*

Tuesday, March 4
Mem Shannon & The Membership- *Beatniks*

Wednesday, March 5
Pick up the new SLUG- *Anyplace Cool!*

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MAYDAY
Redd Tape

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the Downers



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Feb 08 **Coheed and Cambria**
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Feb 08 **Ben Kweller**
w/ Brendan Benson, The Downers @ Xscape

Feb 13 **Reverend Horton Heat**
w/ Unknown Hinson @ Xscape

Feb 16 **Rainer Maria & Mates of State**
w/ Redd Tape, TBA @ Xscape

Feb 18 **The Rise, Static Lullaby**
w/ Vaux @ Xscape

Feb 23 **Finch**
w/ Movielife, Senses Fail @ Xscape

Feb 28 **Further Seems Forever**
w/ Elliott, The Beautiful Mistake @ Xscape

Mar 5 **Tsunami Bomb & Hot Rod Circuit**
w/ TBA @ Xscape

Mar 5 **The Locust, Form of Rocket**
w/ Moving Units, Fast Forward @ Xscape Basement

Mar 31 **CKY**
w/ TBA @ Xscape

Apr 3 **Pinback**
w/ TBA @ Xscape

Tix at Smithstix, phone at 1-877-548-3237, online at utahconcerts.com or @ Gray Whale CD and the Heavy Metal Shop... Xscape is a private club for members

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Photo: Nick Kenworthy

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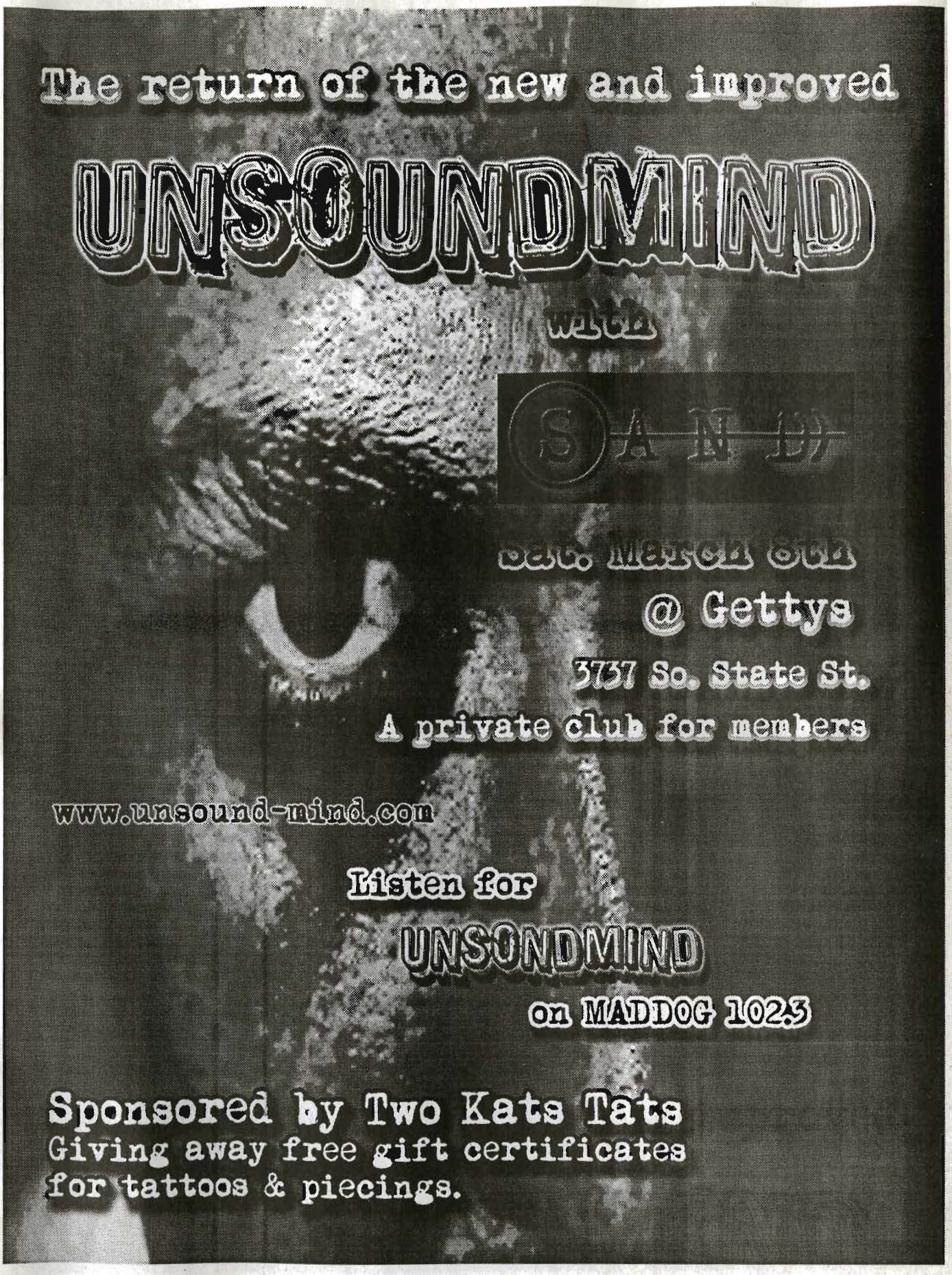
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SLUG mag

14th Anniversary Party & The SLUG Queen's Birthday Bash

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